SLUG

ISSUE SEVENTY THREE • JANUARY NINETY-FIVE •

ALWAYS FREE

Now In Our 7th Year

Helen Wolf

Stimboy Says

Public Enemy

Slayer

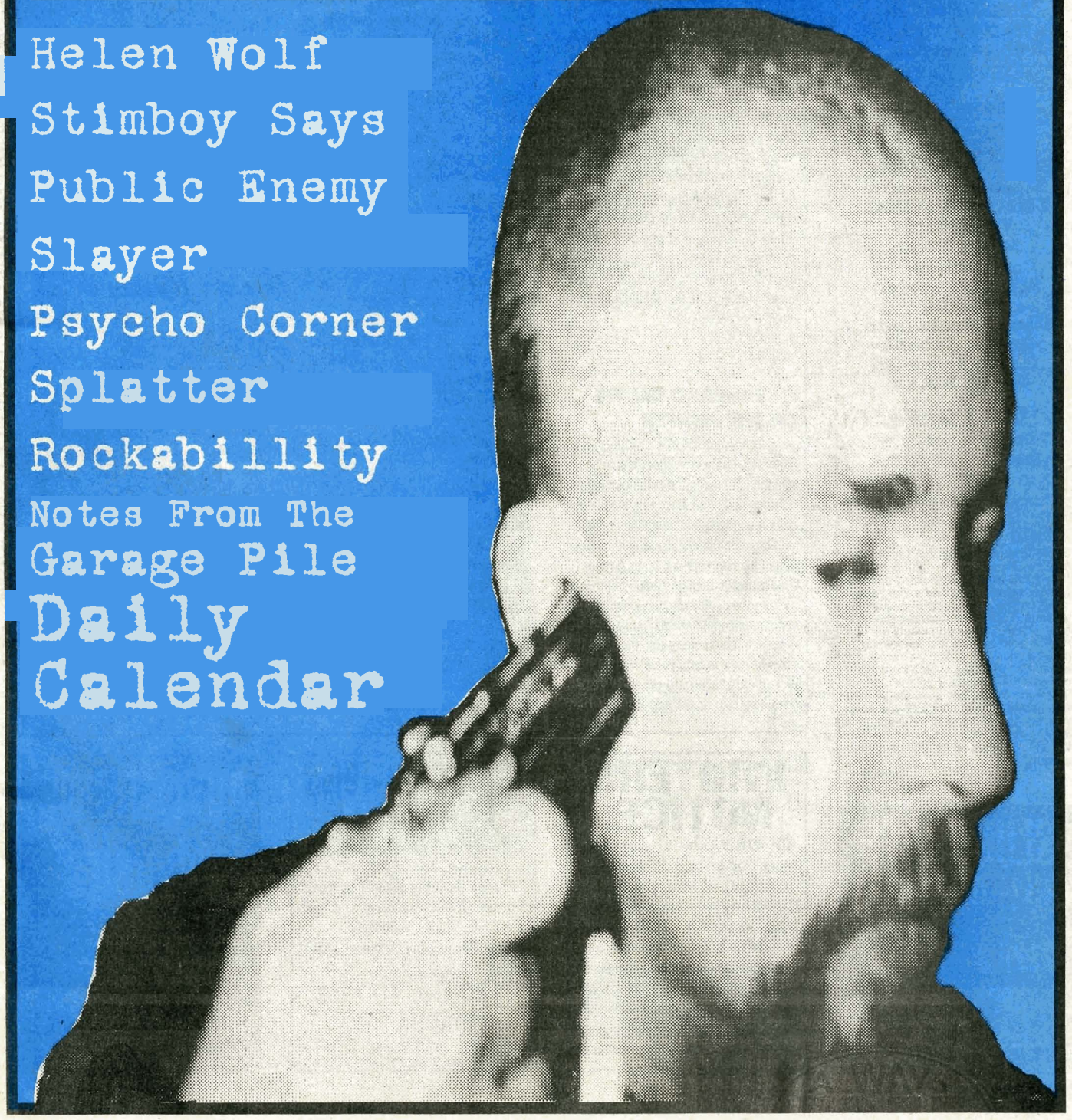
Psycho Corner

Splatter

Rockabillity

Notes From The Garage Pile

Daily Calendar



SLUG
JANUARY 1995
Volume 7 • Issue 01 • #73

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SLUG is published by the 1st of each month. The writing is contributed by free-lance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of the people who put it together. The topics included are also contributed: If you don't agree whith what is said, or you feel something is missing, then you should do something about it...WRITE. All submissions must be received no later than the 20th of the month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask you keep your writing direct and to the point, thus leaving more room for other writers. We thank everyone for the continued support.

Thank you
SLUG STAFF

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KNEWS KNOTES

BIG THANKS

Probably the hardest working writer in Salt Lake has been working with SLUG for the past 4 years. SLUG has been blessed with the writing skills of Way out William Athey and without him there would be no magazine. His dedication gets him not much more than a few free CDs, rejections at clubs and nasty letters from irate readers. However, his commentaries, reviews, and opinions are usually right on the head. He surpasses the other papers music critiques in musical knowledge hands down and we're proud to have him slaving for us. Local bands should praise him and clubs should shower him with free booze and tickets for his friends. He does more for the SLC music scene (including punk, rock, blues, rockabilly and any other form of music he listens to more objectively than any other single person). Thanks a pant load from the SLUG staff and don't ever leave us.

—SLUG Staff

OVERHEARD QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The quote for this month comes from Alex who is a charter member of MENSA and is the publisher of yet another new Salt Lake City rag. Alex calls it a magazine, but I don't think so. Conceive of this if you will. A Salt Lake City rag without a set format that contains articles about anything imaginable, with an irreverent attitude, plus music reviews and get this – none of the writers use their real names! Alex wants press releases. Gianni, quit throwing the damn things away. Give them to Alex.

Watch for the rag to appear in the stacks of recycling materials piled up at the entrances to your favorite clubs and shops sometime in January. Alex's reason for starting the "magazine" and the overheard quote of the month is, "It's all about getting shit." Way to go Alex.

SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

I really should be more supportive of this event because the Austin based music conference is a really good thing. I would love to go. However, I think it is a chance for the clubs to exploit bands for their big bar rings and slow Sunday nights. However, that is a personal opinion and a lot of bands participate and people have a good time. My Sister Jane and House of Cards have been sent as local winners and I don't see that they could complain about a free trip just for being good. In any case the choice is yours. A tape/CD, bio and photo must be turned into The Zephyr Club by January 10th to participate. The battle of the bands will be held january 15th & 22nd at a bunch of clubs. Pay your cover it goes to sending a band, but don't buy the booze, get loaded in the parking lot before you go in.

—JRE

SLUG COMP. #5

The end of this month is the deadline for turning in your tape in for the #5 SLUG cassette compilation. Your DAT tape must be sent to the SLUG p.o. box, given to a SLUG geek or if you recorded your music at Fast Forward let Tony know which song you want to have on the tape. Please leave contact information with name, phone, and an address we can put on the tape. This is a promo tape for all the bands. See the way it works is: people pay a small amount of money for a large amount of music, the music they like , they buy more of. We still have room for more music. Send now!

– SLUG Staff

SORRY FOLKS!

Due to the lack of interest, mosty ours, the SLUG 6 year anniversary party has been rescheduled for Saturday, February 4th. The bands we wanted to play couldn't because it was too close to Christmas. We will have great bands and a box of shit to give away. Come on down their is no cover at Bar & Grill that night and somebody will be there to sponsor you if you aren't a member. Come get loaded and we'll all get drunk and fall down. The last five have been a riot . See ya there. Besides we have a line on getting Jon Titus there and you can take a swing at him.

MORE THANKS

Thanks to any one who donated to the bottles placed by The UTAH BLUES SOCIETY, SLUG, and POMPADOUR PRESS. Julie (Bless her heart) at the Blues Society came up with the idea to raise money for the homeless kids. Unfortunately, no one had a third of the energy she did or the bottles would have been stacked full. Charlie at the Zephyr made sure the bottle there was filled with dough and Chris duarte made a sizable donation out of his gig money. Thanks a billion to who ever did donate, those of you who did not I hope you feel like shit. However, you probably won't because the money you didn't donate you probably spent on beer you selfish bastards. Try again next year.

—JR

WRITERS NOTICE:

All writing must come in typed, or on a 3.5" disc (IBM or Apple). If you are one of the many writers out there who haven't sent it in yet...what's the problem? See the way it works is, you send it in...we print it. We can always use opinionated columns, short stories or whatever strikes your interest.

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Sunday-Football Special...It only takes a yard to get a thirst down

DEAR DICKHEADS

Yo Dickheads,

DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS!

Whassup in the school and all that? This is an old rival here just pounding out a few lines to let ya'll know what condition your conditioner is in, in my own extremely humble opinion. But first, let me open by stating that: "Some people, ain't all the watches in the world going to tell them what time it is." If you know what I mean. And, that brings us to "J.T. And The Fat Man's - Psycho Corner" which this month (Dec. issue #72) takes the fucking pill as the most pathetic attempt at commentary I've chocked on in recent decades. Gianni please tell me that you made Titus actually write something himself instead of just "collaborating" (I use the term very, very, very loosely) (kinda how you use your brains by drinking too much (2 beers or 1 Zima) and blowing shit out of his mouth-hole like it ain't what he does every time he, unfortunately, wakes up. I guess I should say "awakens" instead, because anybody who knows him knows that if J.T. (Titus) ever "wakes up" he'll fucking kill himself. (Keep your fingers crossed). Oh yeah, you guys start out real strong like a chihuahua (pronounced Chi•wa•wa, between chi•gnon and chil•blain) that's been kicked out for the las time.

Talking about idiocy, illiteracy, and brilliance, as if you both were not the prior two and even know the spelling of the latter, (have someone explain it to you, a child perhaps) Then you high-tail it the fuck out of Dodge to hide your sorry asses behind the First Amendment bullshit and start trying to bark real scary and throwing dirtclods (I refer to your sophmoric string of monikers-man you fuck-guts-shit-cunts can't even cuss creatively) which only serve to infuriate, trust me. Then you top yourselves by adding that feeble final utterance "Please don't beat us up. We're writers." (Riders is more like it) the editor (Fatman) should have caught that before it went to print. It gave the zine a black eye if you ask me, but no one did. I gotta give you credit for being tough chickenshits at least I guess. So I will , you're intensely lucky none of them meanboys will read your drivel because you two should be beat by law. If you have to ask then you don't know and you losers be asking everybody.

I mainly wrote today though to tell public enemy styles that he should be in Washington or at least send a copy of that December issue Public Enemy to our dearest Presider. Overall I'd say that SLUG is necessary and occasionally entertaining bordering on thought provoking. But, really you should let me draw the January cover and make a resolution to send Titus a horsehead in the mail for 1995. And as far as everyone complaining about alias...what's up with that? Hope you all deserve everything you get and get everything you deserve this Hanukkah! Season's greedings.

With Love,
He who is fish a.k.a. Uncle Shame a.k.a.
Bryan Mehr

Editors Note: What? Hey, fishman, this month's cover is fer U baby!

Dear Dickheads,

Why am I writing to you other than to get my name in this free magazine? I don't know other than to tell you I'm free. Why not?

Straight edgers don't allow me in their exclusively "men" mosh pits, goths make fun of the way I describe things (such as when I called a room with pool tables in it a pool room) and a rapper turned off the power to the microphone while I was making a statement about female rights.

So I'm free and when a cop asks me if I know any of the girls whose pictures are on file and because of one of these girls a really cool guy I met got arrested at 8:00 in the mourning and I couldn't get back to sleep I'm not gonna fucking care if I tell everything I know about the bitch and maybe I'm not a true punk for ratting on a gothic bitch who should go back west where she came from and should stay away from this beloved city, but what do you expect from a Bikini Kill Worshipper who has been isolated from this world and has had to create her own private personal world that few people are invited to?

Jesse Lynn Hughes
Luka

P.S. I make make you hate me...so what?

Editors Note: What? That is the longest sentence ever published in this mag. Congratulations Luka!

To whom it may concern,

You all have heard plenty of bitching and moaning about how low-level the mentality (of certain scenesters) has become. Well, this letter is no different. Yes, I have complaints. Yes, I do notice these things and yes I DON'T like what I see. What am I referring to? In general, any and all incidents that occur, due to some retarded, unworthy mishap that took place during or after any local hardcore show. There is this select group of FUCKERS who think that the most productive way to utilize all that post-moshing adrenaline, is to go out and create more violence.

Now, I don't want to label these "children" as straight-edgers, or wannabe gangstas, or punk rockers, or what ever names they chose to refer to themselves. That would be unfair, because it would stigmatize any other people of those same labels. But what causes such stupidity in these kids?

One incident that got me frustrated happened shortly after the Quicksand show at DV8. Some argument or fight of some sort broke out (no surprise). During the course of all this, a car window belonging to a friend of mine was shattered with big chunks of ice. My friend wasn't even remotely involved in the argument that led to the overflow of testosterone that caused high-priced repairs to his rear window. It was random, unnecessary, and irrational.

Believe me, you little immature dickless wonders, you had no reason whatsoever to go rampaging like that. If you had a misunderstanding you should've dealt with only the people involved. I saw you and your "types" at the show; flexing your puny muscles, beating the crap out of the front-stage crowd and calling it dancing, and getting defensive at words or "looks" from people that don't give a flying fuck about your existence in the first place. Why do you go to shows in the first place? It's obviously not for the same reason as most people, which is to have fun. Despite what you all might think, even most of the bands that get your blood flowing don't advocate violence. Quicksand sure as hell doesn't, but that never crossed your non-existent minds, did it?

Haven't you all noticed that most of the local bands as well, look down on violence during shows. When was the last time a band like Marchhare or Suspension of Disbelief told the crowd to make each other bleed. I mean, there was a time when you could go to a show and be aggressive without all the bruising and attitude.If I said the words "skank" or "pogo" to some of you aggro dickless wonders, you would have no idea that I was referring to different types of movement at hardcore or punk rock shows.

This letter won't change anyone's way of living, but at least I spoke my mind. Co little boys (you know who you are), lighten up a little smile! Have fun! Go to shows for the music, not for testing how bad you can be. If you really think hard, you'll see that you don't have anything to fight about.

Love ya folks,
Kathrine Jaques

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HIGHTONE RECORDS, the premier independent roots rock, country, folk and blues label, has teamed up with MEDIA PLAY to make January Hightone Records Month at Media Play.

High Tone is responsible for starting the careers of Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Robert Cray and Dave Alvin. The label brought Dick Dale back to national prominence and their latest releases from the Loved Ones and Big Sandy & The Fly Rite Boys are receiving rave reviews.

The label recently revived the TESTAMENT blues label and has reissued 14 Testament titles. Media Play has 15 selected Hightone titles and the entire Testament reissue program selected on sale for $11.88 during the month of January.

Pick up an old favorite or discover something new at only slightly more than the price of a used CD.



Dave Alvin - King of California



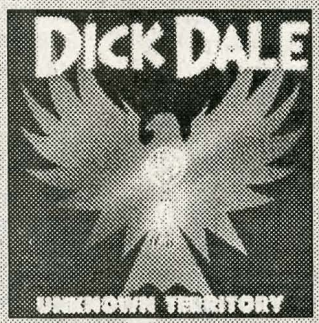
Big Sandy & The Fly Rite Boys-Jumpin' From 6 to 6



Robert Cray - Bad Influence



Dick Dale - Tribal Thunder



Dick Dale -Unknown Territory



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1994 - The Broke Punk Year

I do and I do and I do for you kids and what thanks do I get? I don't know either, but I keep crankin' the crap in a desperate attempt to keep you hep.I do know that you've been waiting for me to tell you what to think about the amazing year 1994, but I needed an angle to get in there. Thus was born the Hooked On ' Aerobics theme (True Fact: the popular KBYU-11 exercise/soft-porn show is actually a loop of 280 shows taped in 1979 and will be re-running until the year 2001, not unlike MASH). The signif events of 1994 are rated in High, Medium, and Low strata—if I left out your favorite, write in and share the warmth.

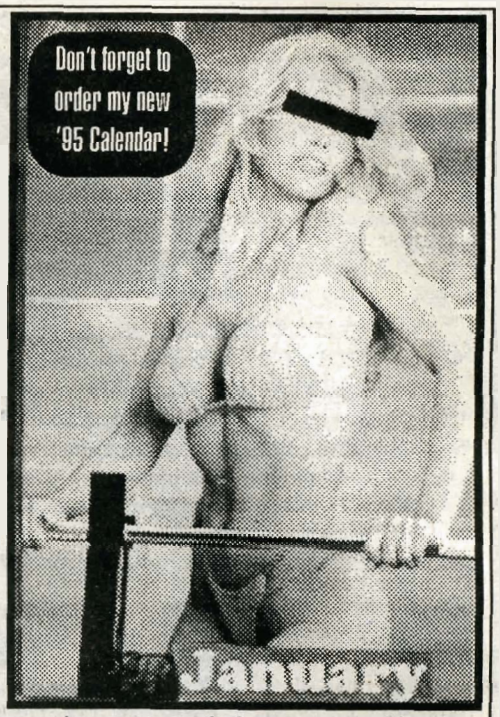
HIGH EFFORT: The resurrection of the nearly 2-year old Flaming Lips Transmissions From The Satellite Heart is welcome, but harder to explain than crop circles...Luscious Jackson's Natural Ingredients , a killer eclectic groover, despite the uninformed dis by certain boneheads who've only heard the MTV hit...Cop Shoot Cop's Release is great motivational music for disgruntled postal workers—like wearing cement headphones while being chucked into the east river...The Jesus Lizard Show and Motocaster Stay Loaded, better living through brain-numbing noise, God bless 'em...M.I.R.V. Cosmodrome, an utterly fucking insane concept album, even by Limbomanics standards...The Cult The Cult , that's right, Jasper—this mofo kicks like a psychedelic donkey. Experience with headphones, man... Concrete Blonde Still In Hollywood , the late, great Johnette & co.'s Xmas gift with B-sides and live stuff. Even thier leftovers are better than most band's entire catalogs... Hole Live Through This, wanted to hate it, but Hole lived up to the hype and then some. If Courtney can follow this up, she may erase the memory of Kurt and his bolt-action haircut...Z Shampoo Horn , the Sons O' Zappa take Best Song Title award with "Did I Mention It Was Huge?". Note that this line always works better than "Did I Mention I Publish An Underground Music Magazine?".

On the tube, Conan O'Brien—love him or hate him—put more underground obscuros on the air than 120 Minutes or Kennedy Nation combined. Just a few: Yo La Tengo, Superchunk, Sky Cries Mary, The Dambuilders, Grant Lee Buffalo, Eleven, and a certain unknown artist making her TV debut, Sheryl Crow...USA's Duckman fused spastic anarchy with a greater gags-per-second ratio than even The Simpsons ...On Fox, The X-Files became even wierder than my own life, but can't even touch the surrealism of Models Inc —resident rockstar Eric blows 30 grand recording a demo tape (just a fraction of what Pijamas De Gato is into Voodoo Dog records for), Monique's marriage plans are foiled by Grayson's return from the grave! Those nipples never go down!

At the movies, Pulp Fiction was it—Travolta's back and doing L. Ron Hubbard proud...Clerks was the only other flick worth the $5.50, which, coincidentally, was the director's budget...In local ink, The Event finally got a clue, Diesel actually connected a proper sentence, and William Athey/ WA/Wheels et al cranked out copy like a laserprinter on crack(?). While I can barely hack this thing out once a month, Athey floods the pages of Slug. The Event, Pompadour Press, Utah Blues Society, and, as far as I know, the granola reviews in The Catalyst—Christ, get a job or something!

MEDIUM EFFORT: The Obvious' Detached was a slight improvement over No Toes, but then, so is my CD Laser Lens Cleaner. Secret to X96 airplay: sound exactly like everything else and blend in quietly...Queensryche Promised Land , mosquito voice and crew's sole purpose in the music biz these days is to make Rush seem relevent—Rafters, anyone?...D Generation D Generation , if these clowns are supposed to be the Glam-hiers to the New York Dolls and Hanoi Rocks, why do they sound like LA Guns on prozac?.... Blondie The Platinum Collection and The Go-Go's Beyond The Valley Of The GO-Go's , a twin-box set flaregun signal of the impending New Wave Revival— nevermind the Disco Drippers, here's the Qualitones! Actually, as the new Kings Of Freedom Rock, the Q-Tones belong in my High Effort section —damn!

On ABC, My So-Called Life gave a decent portrayal of teen ennui and hairstyles, but rated slightly lower numbers than Newt Gengrich's Dance Party...The local NBC/CBS flip with KUTV and KSL may nuke your chances of ever seeing Saturday Night Live ever again—big fucking loss there. SNL these days smells like a van down by the river.



The big ol' Count Chocula epic Interview With The Vampire brought all of the GothGeeks (and lame-o hack pieces about same) out of the woodwork. Halloween is over, paleboys! Stay inside! It doesn't count if you're only brain-dead! ...Star Trek Generations drew a different batch of dweebs outside. Cap'n Kirk finally got snuffed (did everyone forget the number for Rescue 911 ?), whoda thunk he'd be beaten to death with a Klingon mating dildo?

My favorite rock mag from the 70's, CREEM, was revived a couple of years ago, but only this year regained it's perfect balance of cool music coverage and biting sasrcasm (stole everything I know from 'em). Unfortunately, it went out of business again! That's what you get for putting Blind Melon on the cover, geniuses. At least Spy is back after a near-death experience, not that I've got plagerism in mind or anything.

LOW EFFORT: Blister'd Toad Blister'd Toad and Rezin Rezin , it's 1995—do you know where your parachute pants are? Sure, these CD's suck, but it's the many diverse ways in which they suck that make 'em great martini coasters...Danzig 4 , boys, doesn't it bother you that Glen (or Glenda?) D. has bigger titties than any girl you would ever

hope to nail? Or is that why you buy his devil drivel? Danzig wouldn't know a new idea if it kicked him in his steroid-shriveled balls...Oasis Definitely Maybe . England's new Suede super hype sounds about as interesting as, well, Suede without the cool threads...

The Offspring Smash . Jesus, what is the deal here? I've only heard about athousand local bands that destroy these Taco Bell punks and at least twice that number who put on a better show. Is this some sort of goverment experiment? The teen equivelent of cattle mutilations?

The Totalitarian Cable Imperialists (TCI) still stick me with F/X, a channel whose best programming is the early am infomercial dose. Especially putrid is Sound F/X , 3 completely music-impaired vacuheads tell us what's Hot N' Happenin'— you don't need the Deseret News anymore!...Puck from MTV's

The Real World will soon have his very own show. Case #1128 of The Wrong Guy Dropping Dead.

Like Water For Chocolate and Sex, Drugs And Democracy both stank so bad the Tower required a total vineger & water flush...Forrest Gump, want 2 hours about a total fucking moron? Wait for The Kurt Cobain Story...The Lion King , how thoughtful of Disney to re-release this during the Xmas shopping season—Sieg Hiel!

And special Bite-Me-In-Hell wishes go out to Dee Dee Corridini (Merry Xmas, Bonneville investors!), Salt Lake Olympic Bid Commitee (a 2 Billion dollar party for the elite in 2002? And I'm buying? Where do I Sign?), Franklin Quest Field (%100 budget overrun? Yeah, I'll pay for that too, DeeDee), Enid Waldholtz (just because), and the Liberatarian Party,

who got a might pissed over my Preparedness Expo piece last month(since their only viable candidates are either in jail or Howard Stern, they tend to be a little touchy). Happy New Year, and don't lick anything I wouldn't.

—Helen Wolf

Guitar Czar

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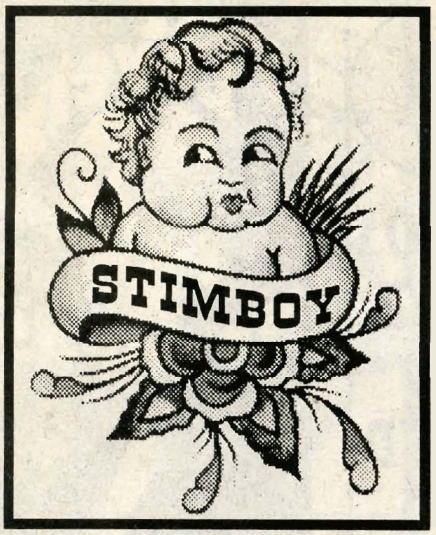
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STIMBOY SEZ. . . Thanks for the free beer, now get over it. Predictions for '95 etc.

PREDICTIONS:

1. People will soon grow bored of the already boring "modern primitive" aesthetic and seek more radical ways to mangle their physiognomy. Instead of having 28 inches of stylized black dolphins tattooed all over his pasty thighs and driving ten-penny nails through every piercable piece of the human anatomy, the hipster of '95 will cut out the middle man and simply amputate those offending limbs, thereby creating a flood of surgeons who's specialty is cosmetic deconstruction.

2. Hair transplants are going to be big with the underground set, but in order to achieve more radical results, people will begin transplanting hair from each other. Imagine the possibilities. Say you were born with straight black brackish hair, well you can simply swap a few follicles with your albino friend and voila, the human dalmation! And if you know Yellowman or Don King, the possibilities are virtually unlimited. Hell, your practically a walking rainbow coalition as it is.

3. In the future, everyone will have their own talk show. I just hope they're not as condescending and moronic as Jerry Springer.

4. Everyone will get over their Betty Page infatuations. Wise up folks, she was a vaguely attractive chick who did some vaguely nasty things four decades ago. Give me Raquel Darien any day.

5. Pat Smear will join Pearl Jam giving Eddie Vedder an excuse to kill himself.

Now it's time for your special holiday treat, an exclusive interview with Jon Shuman. "Who the hell is Jon Shuman?" One might ask. Well let me tell you. Jon Shuman was the instigator behind the MASSACRE GUYS, the BOXCAR KIDS, the DOLLYMOPS and currently, the QUALITONES. In addition to doing more than just about anybody to promote punk rock in Utah since the very early days, he is also president of Mono Media records and your favorite surly bartender at the Cinema Bar. Not only that, he knows even more famous people than I do. This much said, it was an honor and a privilege to spend a few moments with this local music legend in the comfortable den of fabulous Mono Media estates.

Stim: Tell me about the early days in the Salt Lake punk scene.

Jon :Why?

Stim: Because the people need to know.

Jon: Well since you asked, it was totally fucked but much more dangerous. Those were the days when you would literally get your teeth stomped into the ground for having a mohawk or piercing your ear. You must remember this is still the smallest big town in the world and everything we take for granted now was once very risky, even in terms of having tattoos and shit like that. So I think we all had a bit more invested in it than the people today.

Stim: Who do you mean by "we"?

Jon: People like me, my brother, Brad Collins, Lisa Versteeg, the rest of the Massacre Guys, (who have all since moved on to bigger and better things and cities.) You have to realize that before the Word, before the Speedway and before Spanky's the scene was based on this guy named Gordon's house and a guy named Steve Mc Callister's house who later moved to New York and ended up doing sound at CBGB's. At that point there were no shows unless we rented the hall and put them on. The reason that the Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, TSOL, Minor Threat, the Minutemen, Husker Du and about a thousand other great bands played in this town back then was because either I, Brad Collins or Kevin Golding brought them here. Now of course, every mediocre piece of shit band with a Dodge van has a booking agent and a four hundred dollar rider.

Stim: Tell me about the Massacre Guys.

Jon: The Massacre Guys were and will, always be the most awesome band this town has ever seen. I wish everybody could have the experience of being 18 years old and touring with the Dead Kennedys. The amazing thing about this city is, no matter what band I've ever been in, no matter how popular we've been in Salt Lake, we've always gotten better response everywhere else. This town breeds complacency, stupidity, and oblivion. That's why I started Mono Media, to put out great music by inbred Utah punk bands on an archival format that nobody can listen to. I'm making music obsolete before its time. I hate music, I just like a few bands. The only problem is, every time I hear a band and ask if I can put out their single, they immediately break up. It happened with Doghouse, the Decomposers, I mean sure Brenda got pregnant and Aaron quit but jeez, give me a break. At least Chopper and the Decomposers still rule and they have their own single out now, bless their hearts. Besides that there isn't much that really oils my wagon on the horizon for the SLC scene.

Stim: So why don't you move?

Jon: I did and maybe I will again. The Boxcar Kids were formed as an antidote to the stultifying death grip that cover bands had on this city after I moved back from Los Angeles. I think we succeeded in breaking that scene open to a lot of bands for better or worse. After that band had run its course I moved to Europe. Then I moved back and started the Dollymops and now the Qualitones. Maybe I'm doomed to be the Greg Sage of Utah. By the way, I like your column, you almost hate people as much as I do.

Stim: Why, thank you.

Jon: The only thing I didn't like about your column was last month. You listed your favorite shows of the year and forgot to mention not only Seven Year Bitch but the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. Not only that, you failed to mention the new Slayer album. And another thing, you've been listing my P.O. box number for your personal correspondence for the past two issues of SLUG.

Stim: What do you mean your P.O box?

Jon: I mean P.O. box 18125 SLC, 84125. The address is for people who want to put singles out on Mono Media.

Stim: Amazing that we should have the same PO box.

Jon: And another thing I hate is you simpering little suck up bastards who write under fake names. Look at the "Dear Dickheads" page, isn't anyone passionate enough to stand up for their own opinions and sign their real name? Can't anyone who writes a SLUG column take responsibility for their words without hiding behind a nom de plum? I must say, Stimbot, as much as I like your column, and that of JoJo's Corner before you, I think it's a pretty chickenshit move to disguise yourself behind a false name.

Stim: Well I always figured the important people would know who Stimboy was.

Jon: Well now I guess they do. Any more questions?

Titus: Are you a natural blond?

Jon: Yes!

Stim: Yes!

—STIMBOY

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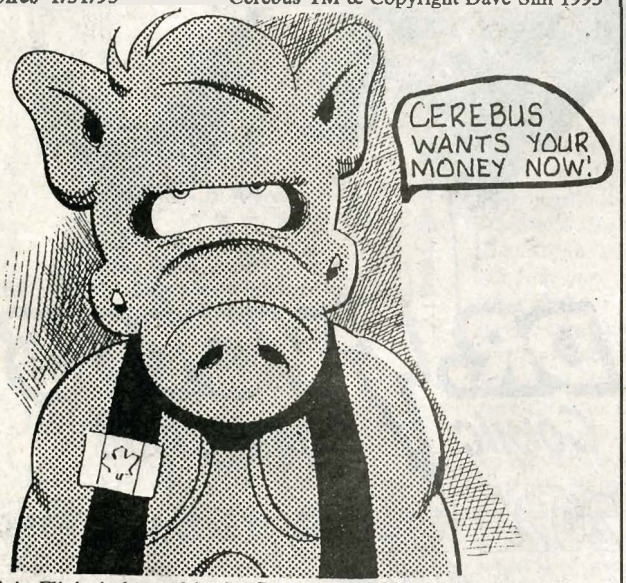
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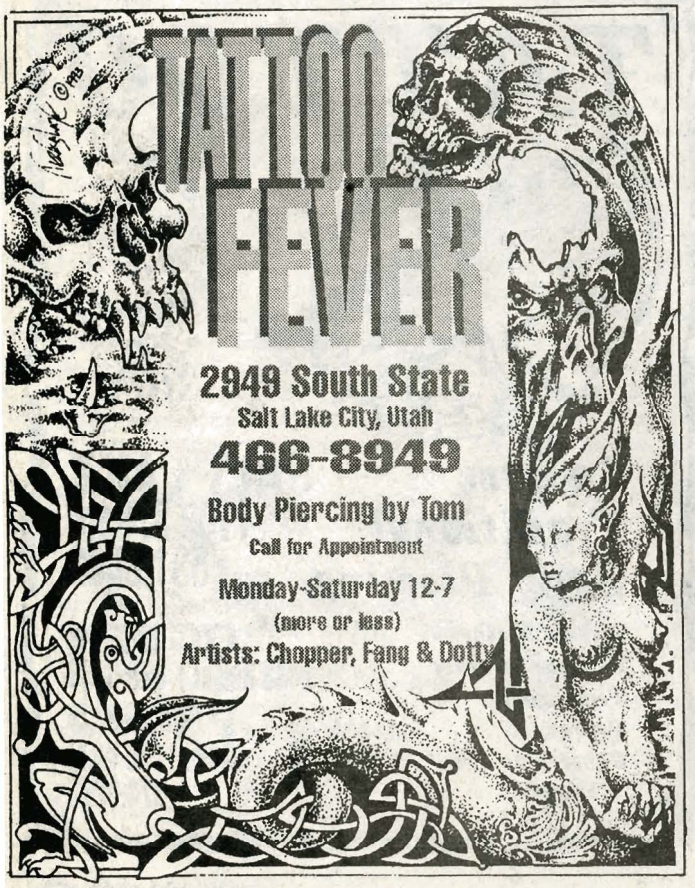
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PSYCHO CORNER

by J.T. & THE FATMAN

"SLEEPING WITH THE BLOOD-FISHES"

(NOT PREDICTIONS, BUT THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN)

Uncle Shamey, we had no idea that you spent so much time thinking about us. Maybe you should get a job...or maybe we'll send you an 8x10 glossy you can keep under your pillow. Jus cuz we luv ya.

People Who Will Have Sex With Each Other in 1995

Helen Wolf & William Athey • Bryan Mehr & Jon Titus • JR & Cindy Crawford • O'Dell Wish-hen & The Beans n' Brew Bikers • Moondog & Cindy Crawford • O.J. Simpson & Mike Tyson • David Letterman & Connie Chung • The Beach Boys • Bryan Mehr • John the Sinclair attendant & Cindy Crawford • Snoop Dogg & All inmates of L.A. County Jail • Hillary Clinton & K.D. Lang

Magazines That Will Fail in 1995

SLANK- Can't remember what it stands for, but the N is for Knowledge

The Private Eye- Uh, how much money do I owe you?

Diesel- Or, is that Dweezil, or Weezil or...

JQ- Jon Titus Quarterly...men's fashions and firearms

WRAG- Weeny Rockabilly Asshole Geeks...more bad hair and recycled riffs from depressed Elvis fans

People That Will Fail in 1995

Courtney Love- Geffen finds out how far the 'Hole' really goes

Howard Stern- Public realizes his brain and his penis are the same size

Guns N' Roses- Axl & Slash admit that they are lovers, change names to Asshl & Gash...rest of band does lame solo albums

Lyle Lovett or K.D. Lang-Reporter discovers they are the same person, keeps the name of whichever has sold more albums

Major Announcements Made in1995

"I've done it with my dog"...Jon Titus in the upcoming Playboy interview.

"I used to be a star"...JR Ruppell admitting that the 'JR' stands for Jane Russell, and well, he had this operation.

"OK, I don't know football"...Downtown Julie Brown, after yet another futile career move. Man those lips must be tired.

"I did it for the money"...O.J. Simpson, after admitting that he blew his wad on the home shopping network and thought Nicole stole ten bucks from him.

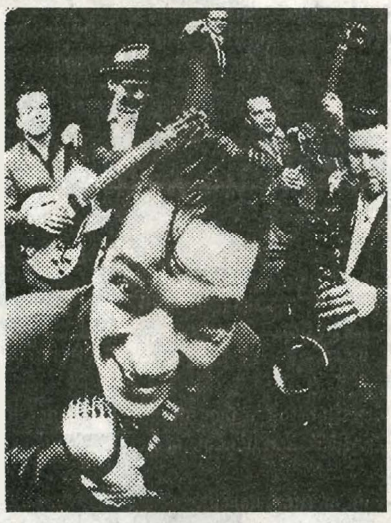
"I've done it with MY dog"...Helen Wolf, apparently disputing ownership of Titus' pooch.

Well, there you have it. Looking into the crystal ball is hard fuckin work. Hope all of you (both of you) have a happy 1995.

—J.T. & The Fatman

CONCERT REVIEWS

Hi Fi and the Roadburners
At Cinema Bar the Day After Christmas



Before one (I've always wanted to use that phrase, it makes me feel so professional) can have the slightest grasp of exactly what Hi Fi and the Roadburners did at Spanky's a little history lesson is in order. The inside gossip on the band has some relevance too.

First pull out a worn out vinyl copy of Instrumental Madness and listen to it. Since the record is quite rare and it has never been transferred to CD I'll explain what it contains – crazed rock and roll instrumentals recorded in America around the years 1959 to 1962. After the music has been firmly implanted in your brain, find some old Joe Houston records. They must be the solo recordings, not Houston's backup work with famous bands.

In the years after rockabilly died, the years when teen idols ruled the charts, before the Beatles and the Beach Boys, before surf music and before '60s punk these bands were all over America. Their recorded history is possibly more rare than the various other sub-genres of music because they had few hits. Johnny & The Hurricanes, The Fireballs, the Fendermen, the Wailers and the Rockateens are a few familiar names.

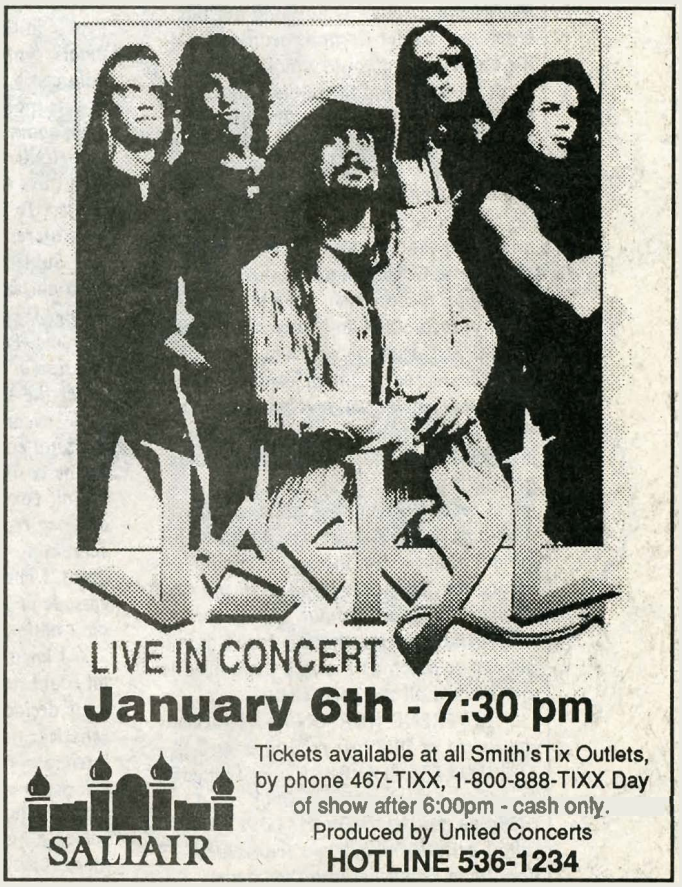
Now create in your mind a picture of five greasers dressed in typical 1950's fashions who combine Joe Houston, the instrumental garage bands of the very late '50s/very early '60s, raw, extremely bare bones R&B and the punk rock attitudes and musical abilities of the late '70s. That pretty much sums up Hi Fi and The Roadburners. The inside gossip is that Hi Fi or Erik's voice was in bad shape from too many unfiltered Camel cigarettes and too many days on the road. He didn't sing much this trip through town.

Denis McQuinn is the Joe Houston impersonator who honked out the rock 'n' roll. Have you ever wondered why R&B bands are sometimes classified as honkers and shouters? McQuinn gave a demonstration. Jeff Schuch is not a great guitarist. He is a good one. He cranked out the licks on both a Fender and a Gibson throwing surf, rockabilly, R&B and just plain garagey rock 'n' roll into the mix. Hans Kish, Erik's brother hides behind the amps and plucks the electric bass. Dan Curry is the littlest one of the bunch and he is a demon. All good garage bands need a wild man to beat the skins. Curry is very mild and calm off stage, but when he's on it he's a thrasher. Erik played rhythm guitar and sang in a raspy voice at times.

Only the hard core were in attendance and in case you didn't understand Hi Fi and the band I'll give my opinion. Much like the good Reverend and the Cramps they've taken this '50s music and mutated it into something strange and wonderful. It's raw, it's dissonant, it's powerful, it's obnoxious and it's abrasive. It is not by a long shot rockabilly or even directly rockabilly influenced. What they play is R&B inflected rock 'n' roll that many have somehow mistaken for rockabilly – the music that followed rockabilly and was overshadowed by Fabian, Darren and Avalon. They update it for the '90s and give a nod to surf music in the process. One cover is all they played, the rest were originals, although one original was a dead ringer for a garage version of "Jet-tone Boogie" and "Something Bad" brought the voodoo specter of "Fortune Teller" to my mind. I paid three bucks for an hour long show and I felt it was well worth it. They have a new album out on the Victory label and while you are waiting for next month's SLUG and the review of it buy a copy of Fear City at the finer shops around town.

—Willie Wheels







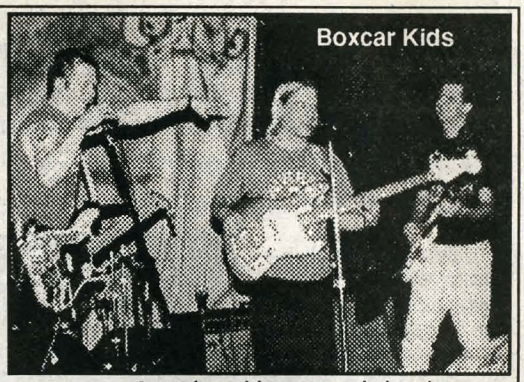
I will be very surprised if the bisquit-head SLUG Lords will print any more of my columns. I'm sure they're as sick of reading this crap as you are. I will probably get another list of people they will want me to apologize to again. Mind you a list I will scratch out the names and make up new nicknames for. The Event won't take Gianni's calls any more and Ben Fulton's going to punish me more by running Vampire stories every issue like that Bonneville fiasco. Jesus I'm sorry Barry got so insulted I called him Mr. Ploppy Pants, How's Barry Schoenfulton, any better? Good.

I guess I shouldn't be so bitter. I guess I am just one of those opinionated assholes columnist that should be writing for Maximum Rock & Roll and not this Poser rag. Under Ground, yeah right. If it's underground how come I can pick them up at the mall. I guess I shouldn't lighten up. Any day I'll wake up in that "real" world I hear so much about, I'll turn it on Z93 and they will be playing The Clash as Classic Rock. God help us.

I have to say after having been enemies with the "Modern-Alternative Rock" (96X or KCGL or whatever they are) I am happy to hear they are playing shitloads of local stuff and since punk broke (again) last year the selection of music now considered "rotation" worthy has improved considerably. Not that I have ever really hated electronic music, it is just good to hear so many guitar bands getting rotation.

I layed low on the club scene this month due to my amazing Christmas budget plan for 94. Instead of saving money for Christmas, I spent all my cash on booze all year and had to ride the wagon for a month. In any case I didn't get out as much as I would have liked to and missed all the good shows.

REVEREND HORTON HEAT rocked my world at DV8 last month as well as THE USELESS PLAYBOYS who opened up nicely. The Useless Playboys could easily be the sister band of LOVE JONES who I rambled about in a few issues ago. I can really get into the lounge thing. I get so goddamned tired of flakey folk singers and now the new generation of Beddie Wetters who grovel about how fucked up their youth is. Boo-fuckin'-hoo. Lets hear songs about chicks and guns and booze. I'll take a Reverend song about love any day over some sniveling ex-grunge-God-gone-Pop. Palease! Sorry, I'm getting off the subject.



The real fun started after Christmas when everybody was too partied out to leave the house. I wound up at Cinema Bar for HIFI AND THE ROAD BURNERS who made their second appearance in SLC. Last time the reviews were grim but I figured if their music was half as good as their name they might be worth the trip. I was right, they weren't a rockabilly band the way they look in their picture, but they delivered some fine raw rock & roll, straight up.

Tuesday, the 27th I wondered back to the Cinema for the flogging-a-dead-horse Boxcar Kid reunion. I have always been down on these things untill this year. This time around BOXCAR KIDS and SUBJECT TO CHANGE were playing, half the people in the bands have moved or are confined to quarters and only come out once a year.

It was 1989 at the Word all over again. Want a lesson in late eighties college guitar rock? Don't ever miss these shows. Boxcar Kids and Subject To Change were the best there ever were.

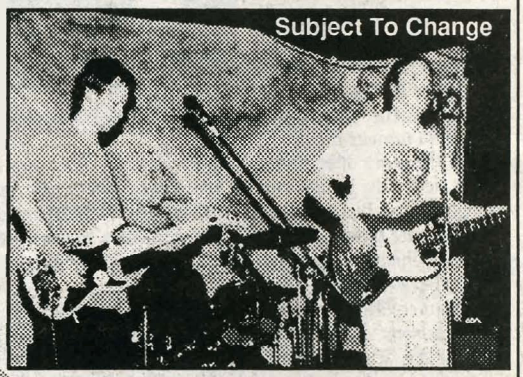
Subject To Change started things of with an hour of the best stuff they ever wrote. They sounded as good as they ever did. Pat Munson and Dave Russel are two of the finest song writers to ever grace the stages in Salt Lake.

Boxcar Kids did the same. They were the total energy experience. These two bands easily contain the best of the best in Salt Lake musicianship. I know it's one of those reunion things we all run screaming from, but these bands were great. I know it's like a David Linch episode of Thirty-Something, but that ain't nothin' alcohol can't compensate for.

I know it's the time of the year we all make new-year's -resolutions so I have decided to not make any more senseless goals I have absolutely no intention of keeping. Every year I say I am going to stop smoking, drinking and womanizing. Fuck that, my mom never raised a quitter. I have decided to spend more time getting in touch with my feminine side and buy some clothes that were designed after 1981. Hey I liked the seventies, remember. I missed the whole electronic age. My 9 year-old son schools me in any electronic game invented after 1988 and my electric can opener bites. It realy isn't pretty. Did I miss a meeting?

Pedictions? Sure!

1— John Titus buys SLUG and turns it into a Rocky Mountain Guns & Ammo Magazine.



2— Barry's Cherries (The Event) are edible and not just another recipe for would-be sensitive male 90's guys.

3— Ben Fulton (Private Eye) goes to ONE of the shows he recommends to us, has a terrible time and starts listening to the music he reviews.

4— All the rockabillies do in Helen Wolf

5— I get professional help.

6— Back Alley Gators get on the cover of Rolling Stone and really learn me.

7— Grindboy, Grindboy, Grindboy

8— Robitussin

I think I have taken up quite enough of your time. I'm ouda here. If you need me I'll be hangin' out at Stimboy's house practicing my pit-ettiquite for the SALYER concert, me and Stimmy are taking chicks. We know how to work the ladies. If you need a ride I got my GTO running. To continue your experience, pull this page out of the magazine, rip out the coupon for the free SLAYER commemorative concert razor blade then wipe your butt with whats left and flush. Love to love ya baby-

—Groveling Man

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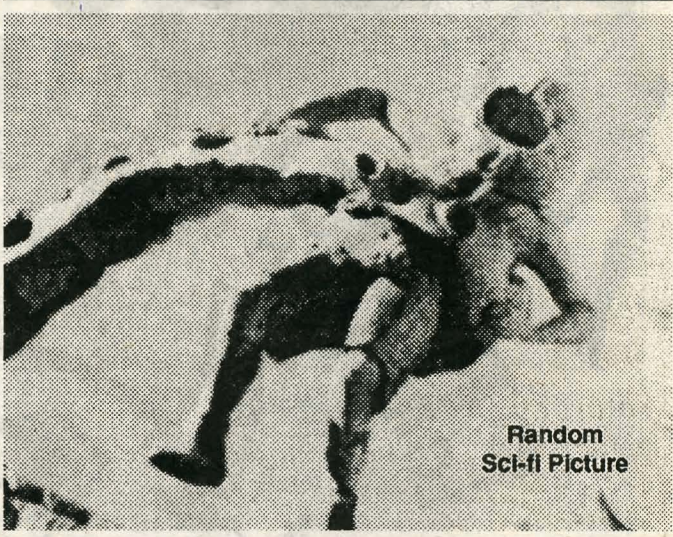
North Salt Lake

DISCO STILL SUCKS



B-MOVIE REVIEWS

BY B-ZILLA



Random Sci-fi Picture

This month we have a kind of mess of Sci-Fi thrillers with most of the thrills removed to protect the blood pressure, and the mentally challenged.

Battle Beyond the Stars (1980)

This Roger Corman piece is quite cheap (yes that is rather redundant), but stars many great actors. Richard (John-Boy) Thomas, George (A-Team) Peppard, Robert (Teenage Caveman) Vaughn, and Sybil (Reform School Girls) Danning. The story is basically a Magnificent Seven in space. Since the keyword is Corman the effects are poor, the costumes dull, and the sets tired looking. Its decently executed, and sorta fun to view, but a'la Corman its bland and slow at times. Not completley a snoozer, and if you like John-Boy's work this is worth a peek!

Night of the Comet (1984)

A comet rips by L.A. earth and disintegrates everyone exposed to the deadly discharges. Two Valley Girls (the 80's fad) are survivors of this wild occurance. The girls see the good in this catastrophy and head for the mall for a whole lotta shopping. The other survivors include crazed scientists who want to suck their blood for a posssible antidote, and your basic been in every movie zombie. This film has everything in it, includeing an incredibly bland script. While Comet is stale its not as mind numbing as this review.

Making Mr. Right (1987)

Now heres a movie you can really sink your teeth into, if yer a girl, fer sure! This neat little human interest story isnt really as much a Sci-Fi piece as its a nutty professor comedy minus the nutty professor. But John Malkovich plays a Scientist who has created an android (named Ulysses) that his corporation is trying to sell to the public. So a girl, er woman PR consultant is hired to sell the android. The PR person falls in love with Ulysses and starts sleeping with him. Kinda sick, but probably the most expensive dildo ever! The film is cute if anything and entertaining at times, also Mr. Malkovich is great in this cutsie film.

CONCERT REVIEWS



WATERFRONT
Photo: Royce

Saturday December 10
Weber State University
for The Y.C.C. (Your Community Connection)
Switch-Face, Unbound, Risk Pool, Waterfront, Suspension of Disbelief and State of the Nation

On Saturday December 10 a benefit concert was held for your Community connection, (Y.C.C.) at the Weber State University Ballroom, in Ogden. 5 bucks and a can of food gave you admission to see six great local bands play and a chance to help out battered and/or homeless women and children.

Nick Salimeno and Clay Greenleaf organized and produced the benefit show. According to Nick, the time of the year was just right to help out Y.C.C. by throwing some of the best local talent together for a night of fund raising, food collecting, 'Great times, Good Friends,' and music too.

The bands that were scheduled to play were, Switch-Face, Unbound, Risk Pool, Waterfront, State of the Nation, and Suspension of Disbelief. If you haven't tried to promote a concert before, let alone one of this size, you'll never know of the shit that you have to wade through just to pull it off. But despite numerous unforseen circumstances, including no stage lighting, a missing drummer, the usual fights and dick-head attitudes that permeates both security and crowd I thought the show came off very well. The bands were impressive and tight, the reason for the show was positive, and young kids got to experience live music instead of a dollar movie, (hey, what a concept.)

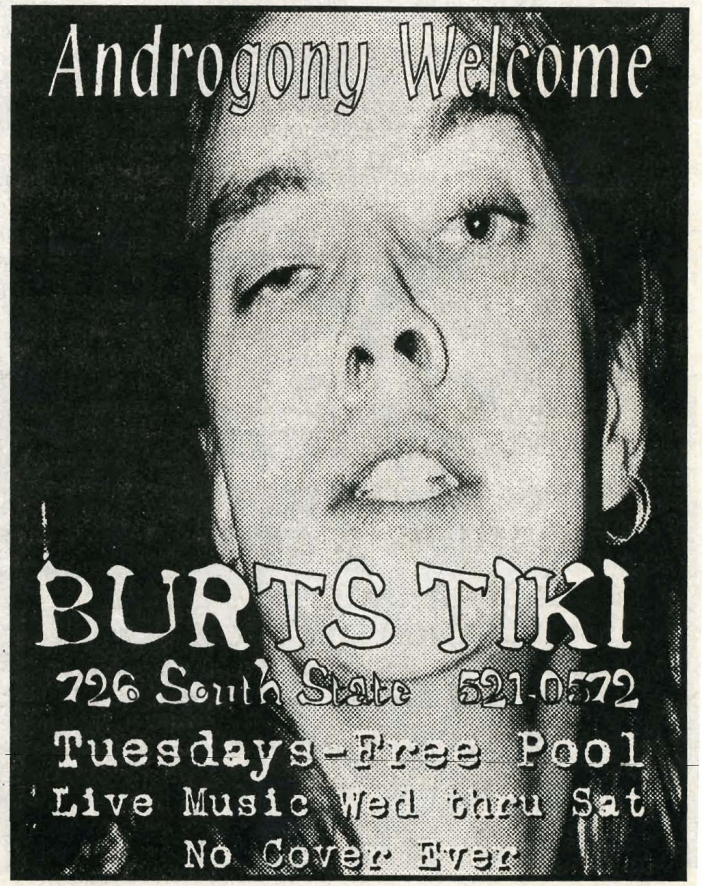
Nick and Clay sold about 650 tickets at the door, (no thanks to you scabs who snuck in...selfish bastards!) After all the expenses were paid, they handed the proceeds over to the Y.C.C. which totalled $1,500.00 in cash and about 500 dollars worth of canned and packaged goods. Not bad for the little community north of Salt Lake. Nick sums up the night, "The turn out exceeds our expectations, we were pleased with how many people came out to support the show, to support the Y.C.C. and to support the local music scene." Hopefully, Ogden will see more talent from the Wasatch Front like this again.

—Royce & Nick

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SHADOWPLAY

LOCAL BAND

"Rock and roll never died: it stayed in the shadows. Now the new generation of rock explodes from the dreamtime with the energy of SHADOWPLAY..."

Shadowplay has been around Salt Lake City since 1989. They're one of those bands that everyone's heard of, and you think you may have known someone who's played with them. It's quite possible, since the line up has changed several times in the past five years. But the main reason most of us have heard of Shadowplay is Zam Abdullah, their bass player.

Zam seems to be one of the most tireless musicians in Salt Lake. After almost six years, he's constantly inventing new ways to promote his band. Whether it's putting flyers on pizza boxes at Free Wheeler, (his day job), sending faxes full of advice to the editor of The Private Eye Weekly, dressing in drag for a Halloween gig, or performing at a pig roast. If you ask anyone who even looks like they're associated with the media, they've heard from him. (In fact, I was informed that I was writing this article for SLUG by Zam himself.) The only choice is to go see the band.

In the dark, intimate Cinema Bar, Andre, the guitarist, and Terry, the drummer are introduced. They sit around a table as quiet as two little boys who have just been hushed. This is when the intrigue sets in. Even though the crowd consists of Terry's mother and the sound guy, it becomes apparent that an explosion is about to occur. Herein lies the appeal of Shadowplay. On the guitar, Andre cooks like Julia Child. If you could find another guitarist with his talent, you'd probably see wild stage antics, including dropping on knees and foaming at the mouth. But Andre is the epitome of cool. Don't let his nonchalant stage presence fool you. Just look at what his hands are doing ! Terry is tall with a boyish crooked smile, and since his mother's there, it seems as though he'll be on his best behavior. With machine-tight accuracy, he lets loose a thrashing on those drums equaled only by a delicious pounding in bed. Zam's voice doesn't seem like it would come out of his androgynous, rocker frame. Instead of fading out, every note he hits, spirals out and grows. With his rich, velvety bass in the background, Shadowplay is completed by lyrics teeming with social commentary. Their four newest songs are titled Slit Eyed Men, Gangster Girl, Revenge, and Fuck Like Rabbits. Slit Eyed Men is based on a true story of an Asian guy caught in bed with his girlfriend. Sadly, racism was then used by her parents to vent their anger on him. Fuck Like Rabbits is an interesting and funny commentary on "the urge to spawn" in Salt Lake City. They make clever use of rhythm change, and raise a good question. "Now what do I do with all these babies when I spawn?" Even though entertaining, Terry's mom wouldn't clap for a song with such a title.

With good promo and talent, the next question is why doesn't Shadowplay draw a large crowd? When asked, Andre responds, "We're still swimming upstream, we haven't gotten there yet." Far from giving up, Zam offers, "A lot of under age people like us. It's expensive to rent space (like the basement of DV8 to play for them." Unfortunately, he has learned to hallucinate my crowds. I want to play for live people, not ghosts." Pointing out his promotional efforts, he jokes, "perhaps if we ignored the public, they'd like us. Many of the really popular local bands developed their following in high school, and it grew from there. Shadowplay a "bunch of loners getting together to play music." Terry decides that the band definitely needs more support. "There's nothing that just the three of us can do for the local music scene." Except go on tour. They are seriously considering going on tour and taking a break from Salt Lake for a while, but nothing is definite. They may have found an answer. Is the only way for this band to draw a crowd that will give them as much energy back as they put out, to go on tour? If they gain popularity and return as a national act, they'll surely tap into the large masses that turn out to support big acts. It seems as though the only waythat Shadowplay and other deserving bands will get the feedback they want is if Salt Lake's musical palate is not formed by old high school buddies or the rest of the country. If you're planning to ignore this band, it's not going to work.

—Tania Paxton



CINEMA BAR



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HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR!		3 THE WEED 3 Rinse Rule	4 GREAT AMERICAN BRAIN ROBBERY	5 Mary Monique	6 PLOWMAN deviance	7 REVEREND WILLIE MaryMonique
8 SHUT UP FRANK	9 TBA	10 SHOW BOAT	11 REZIN	12 SHOW BOAT Qualitones	13 BUCCINATOR	14 REVEREND WILLIE MaryMonique
15 SXSW Competition	16 EXAMPLE	17 THE WEED	18 SO WUT MY NAME	19 ?	20 CAROLINE'S SPINE Abstrak	21 Mary Monique
22 SHUT UP FRANK	23 BONE SHELF	24 DEVIENCE	25 3 Rinse Rule BLOODFISH	26 SHOW BOAT	27 REZIN	28 RIVERBED JED
29 TENDERLOIN Honest Engine	30 TBA	31 POETRY	Coming In February			

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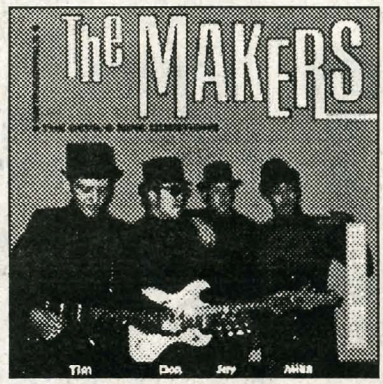
A Private Club For Members

NOTES FROM THE GARAGE PILE PART 3

AP, Option and Your Flesh, all far greater magazines than SLUG, dismiss this music as retro-'60s crap, although Your Flesh writers will give grudging praise to some bands while bragging about how jaded they are. Sound familiar? The Stone and Spin won't touch the stuff while CMJ just discovered Ronnie Dawson. I kind of like the retro-'60s sound of '90s bands playing that mutant response to the British Invasion. What was the British Invasion after all except England's reaction to American music of the '50s. Have you listened to Live At The BBC yet? The boomer gift of Christmas 1994 was two discs of rockabilly and blues covers played quite badly by the Beatles.

Vintage music reissues are included to add to the boredom this time. Several labels contributed discs for the third installment of Notes From The Garage Pile. If you are inspired to buy something from the pile start at Raunch. If you can't find any garage music among the stacks of big pants, skate board parts and bluegrass head to Raspberry. If Raspberry doesn't have these titles you had better quit and mail order. The addresses are at the end. Most of this music is far too deeply underground for the chain record stores to carry it.

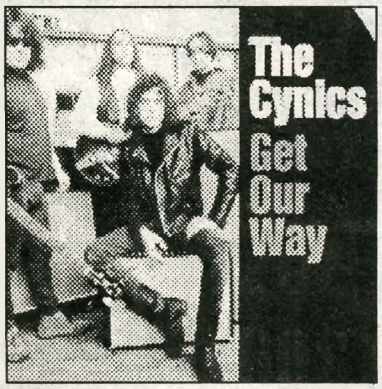
Estrus sent two instrumental albums. In the garage instrumental



albums are a cherished art form. Out in the big wide world they are unheard of.

The Makers – The Devil's Nine Questions

Much like the rest of Estrus' acts The Makers live in a dimension far removed from the average Utahn. On this album they cover the beach before traveling southeast to the western plains and then back to the Northwest and the Kingsmen's "J.A.J." Fuzz, farfisa and echo are the order of the day. Part sci-fi, part spy movie, part beach blanket bingo, part TV western and part JD novel these nines songs are an adventure in hi-fi. The Galaxy Trio – Saucers Over Vegas The Galaxy Trio are concerned with several important aspects of modern life. The Las Vegas strip, atom bomb tests, the government flying saucer cover-up, a trip to the new world with a "Conquistador" and "Jack Lord's Hair." Simply close your eyes and imagine the video in your mind. There aren't any distracting vocals to interfere and it will not be shown on MTV. Jim Crabbe's guitar gently weeps before launching itself into the stratosphere hot on the trail of an alien flying disc. Bryson Carter plays bass in the subterranean region of the earth's center and Elmo rolls and fills the emptiness between with only a tom tom, snare, bass and hi hat. My goodness!



Saucers Over Vegas is 22 minutes long for the short attention spans of information overloaded brains.

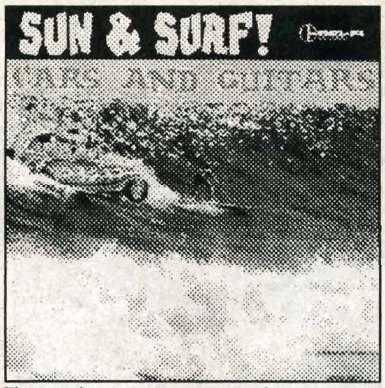
Sequeing from the instrumental to the vocal is Sun & Surf. Cars & Guitars from Del-Fi Records. If you thought Glen Campbell was only interested in getting to Phoenix, Bobby Fuller only fought the law, Arthur Lee only read his little red book and Bruce Johnston was simply a lesser Beach Boy their careers are opened for inspection with early and obscure material. For instrumental madness the Centurions turn in the best with "Intoxia." Arthur Lee sings about a girl shakin' it in pure Sam the Sham/Los Bravos/Question Mark & The Mysterians fashion. He leads The American Four, the song is "Luci Baines." If you must have vocals with your surf music The Truants song "Surfing Is The Only Life For Me" is preferable to anything the Beach Boys recorded. If you're stuck watching American Graffitti and Happy Days reruns The Bobby Fuller Four pay tribute to the "Wolfman" and rockabilly guitar is combined with the familiar surf sound. Then Dick Dale hints at where the Blasters found "Marie Marie" and gives a nod to rockabilly with "Marie." Ritchie Valens and "Ooh!



My Head" is a Clarence "Frogman" Henry influenced R&B number with a rockabilly break. Fender, Gibson, G&L, Vox and Mosrite guitars are the weapons of choice for this reverb and fuzztone soaked album of '60s music recorded before the Summer of Love usured in boredom.

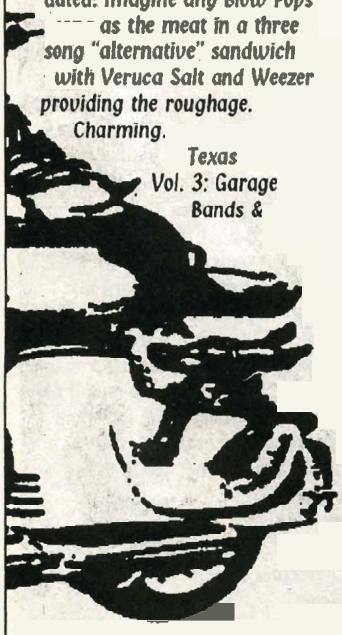
The Cynics – Get Our Way The Cynics are a band from Pennsylvania that refuses to let the garage sound die. If you've read the Incredibly Strange music books and have wondered what a theremin sounds like this is your opportunity because...they use one! In a saner world "Lose Your Mind" would be used the demonstrate both the theremin and that fancy new stereo system at the electronics store. These guys do the "ugly kids" better than the crew the magazine is named after have since '67. Listen to "13 O'clock Daylight Savings Time" then compare it to anything the Black Crowes have ever recorded. Don't be frightened off by the thought that this is a copycat band.





The window in time is opened to reveal everything from garage to spiked Kool-Aid. Acid visions and '60s punk are hauled into the yard with a "For Sale" sign written in paisley attracting long-hairs and black leather alike.

*The Pops - American Beauties Like The Cynics The Blow Pops record for Get Hip. They do any heavy garage music. Their version of the retro is charming power pop. Call an oldies station and ask for The Searchers, Beau Brummels or Clark Five to get the idea. American Beauties contains over ** minutes of radio hits you will never hear. Everyone knows about the shimmering, ringing guitars and soaring harmonies originating in Athens, Georgia. The Blow Pops are from Milwaukie, their ringing guitars and harmonies owe more to the British Invasion than any pop from Georgia, but don't call it dated. Imagine any Blow Pops as the meat in a three song "alternative" sandwich with Veruca Salt and Weezer providing the roughage. Charming.*

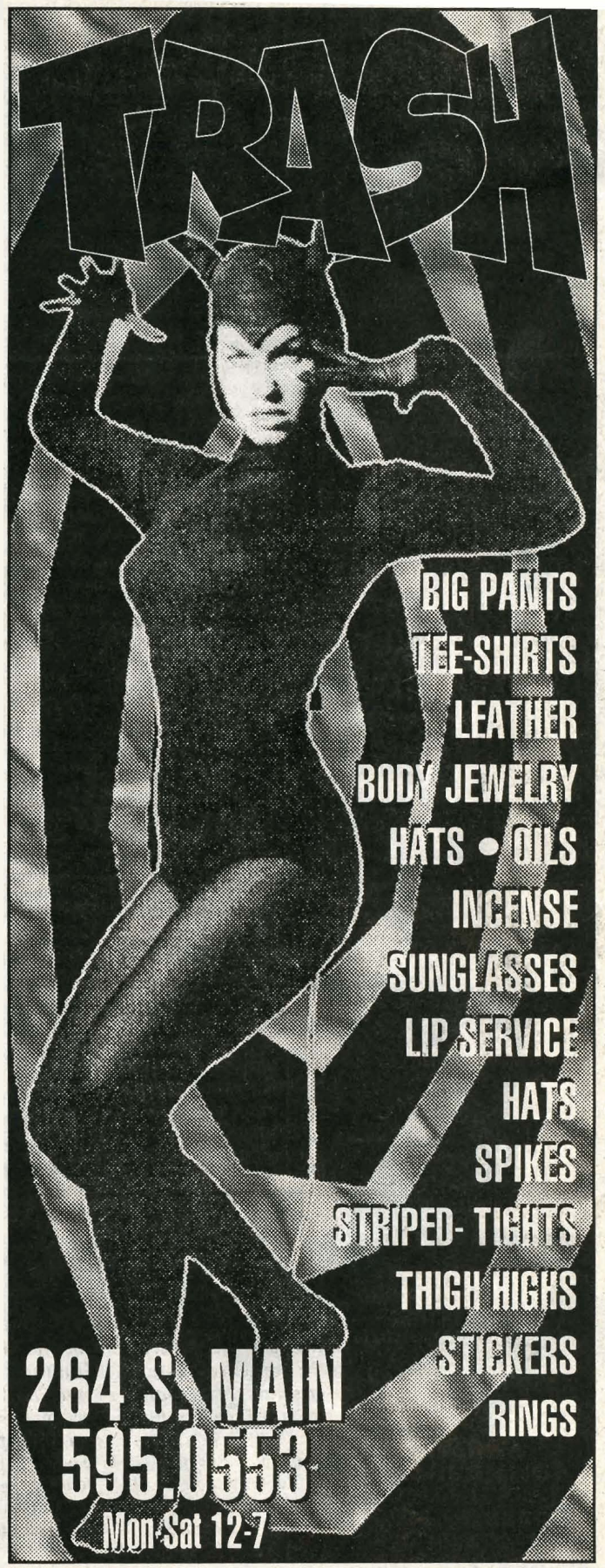


Texas Vol. 3: Garage Bands &

Psychedelia is Rhino Records' latest venture into the garage. I have a couple of complaints with the disc. The first is the inclusion of "She's About A Mover," "Paralyzed" and "You're Gonna Miss Me." Sure the version of "She's About A Mover" is a later, redone version of the hit, but still – the song is a tired oldie. I love "You're Gonna Miss Me," but I'd rather hear something a little more obscure. The same is true of "Paralzyed." I'm sure a lot of people have never heard the song, but it is a Dr. Demento regular, again I'd prefer something a little more obscure. The next complaint is the lack of complete albums from some of these groups. Mouse & The Traps, Kenny & The Casuals, The Sham & The Pharoahs, The Nightcaps and the Scotty McKay Quintet don't have albums available in America – they deserve to. How about it Rhino? One song only wets my appetite for more. I don't believe the Steve Miller Band belongs on a garage compilation and the Augie Myers song is from 1973, a year far removed from the heyday of garage. Overall the disc is a good listen. The Scotty McKay Quintet's version of "The Train Kept A 'Rollin," the Nightcaps "Thunderbird" which is R&B influenced by rockabilly, not garage, "Dance, Franny, Dance," a Texas surf number by the Floyd Dakil Combo and "He's A Nobody" by T-Bone Burnett's first band The Loose Ends make the thing worthwhile.

As usual so much music so little space. There is still a stack beside me. If the publishers allow it the fourth installment will be next month. Read about what's new from MC5's Wayne Kramer (RIP John Sinclair), Bomp is celebrating their 20th Anniversary with a whole batch of new records and CDs and Man...Or Astroman sent two CDs. More are sure to appear in January. Del-Fi Records, P.O. Box 69188, Los Angelos CA 90069. Get Hip, P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317. Estrus Records, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, Wash 98227. Rhino Records, 10635 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angelos, CA 90025-4900

—KRLA King Of The Wheels



ROCKABILLY



I took over this space from PK last March. Since then I've made countless new friends. Instead of writing a best of list for '94 or in my case a worst of list I'll begin the new and waste space by thanking those who helped with Rockability and rockabilly music last year. I hope this column provided a slight amount of entertainment and information over the last months, in spite of my "attitude." If all of you aren't mentioned I'm sorry, my short-term memory is non-existent, I think I have Alzheimer's (It runs in the family due to the in-breeding common among the white trash population.) and I'm not even a B-movie actor or a past president of the United States.

JR Ruppel is #1. Without his graphic design talents there would be no Rockability, Pompadour Press or Put Yer Cat Clothes On. He knows everyone in this city's underbelly and he is the guy you talk to if you want to know what is really going around Salt Lake. He has Maile to help him out. A huge thank you goes to Maile – poly girls rule. Gianni is the SLUG boss. Thanks go to him for all the "perks" a SLUG writer receives. Next are the clubs. Sam at the Zephyr, Jason, Mike and Mary at the Cinema Bar, John Paul at the Dead Goat, Karen at DV8 and Andrea at the Bar & Grill – thanks for letting me in and putting up with me.

All the members of the Broken Hearts; Andy, Lara, Max, Tim, Jim and Jerry, thanks for the music and for supporting the shows. Members of the Broken Hearts are at all the rockabilly shows even if they don't have any money! Some of them were listening to and playing rockabilly music during the dead years. Leeroy, Junior and Shorty from Voodoo Swing put this city on the map as a rockin' town.

Helen Wolf, Travelin' Man, Mad Max and Stim Boy are SLUG hacks, but you won't see anyone critique Salt Lake better than they do. Next are the national bands. Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys, the Frantic Flattops, the Roadhouse Rockers, Lee Rocker and his band Big Blue, Moonshine Willy, Russell Scott & the Red Hots and the Moondogs all gave us more than our moneys worth. All the U.S. rockabilly rags; Roots and Rhythm, Original Cool, Twangin', and Blue Suede News especially. The Utah Blues Society receives my special thanks. Julie Turner is a girl you will all come to know over the years. She works the blues mostly, but she has given every bit of support she can to the rockabilly scene. The record store guys deserve thanks too. Pablo and Smokey are the ones. Randy, Dean and Matt at the other stores also deserve my thanks. Of course my partner in crime – the trivia expert, record collector, eye-in-the-sky dude, Mr. "H-E-double toothpicks" himself who won't let me say fuck – David M. Candland receives more thanks than the printed word can ever do justice to. If he were female and he didn't wear that funny underwear I'd marry him. Love ya Dave.

Salt Lake is known as a hot rockabilly town all over the world, yet the average Salt Lake City resident doesn't even know what rockabilly music is. "Rockabilly isn't a form of music, it's a band," is from a typical Salt Lake resident. This is a town noted for being several years behind the times, watch for the general public to embrace rockabilly music in about five years.

The Paladins rocked the Bar & Grill once again. I thoroughly enjoyed the show after I disengaged myself from a conversation with a slightly confused individual who claimed that Elvis wasn't shit and that Little Richard was the true King of Rock and Roll. This person thought "Hound Dog," "Love Me Tender" and "Teddy Bear" were songs from Elvis' Sun sessions. If I could be so bold as to point out that Little Richard played rock 'n' roll for a Los Angeles label and Elvis, Scotty and Bill played rockabilly at 706 Union in Memphis. Elvis became the King because fans made him the King, he was just a hillbilly white trash kid playing rockabilly music before RCA got hold of him. If you can't tell the difference between rock 'n' roll and rockabilly please sign up for Martin Renzhofer's new correspondence course.

The Elvis tribute show on the tube was pretty lame as is the album. However, there was a reason to watch. Did you catch Scotty Moore playing guitar while Lee Rocker slapped the bass behind Carl Perkins and Chris Issacs? Holy shit. Lee Rocker visited Salt Lake and played to a half-filled bar, but millions tuned in to watch him from the comfort of their homes on the tube.

Chris Duarte is not even close to being rockabilly but guess what? The cat playing that huge 7-string bass, the neck of which most people couldn't even fit their fingers around, John Jordan, had some praise for Kevin Smith of High Noon and he told me that he'd slapped a bit in a couple of rockabilly bands before hooking up with Duarte. The two nights Duarte played the Zephyr were simply incredible. He is a star on the rise with platinum in his eyes. He's played here at least four times now and he has a strong local audience. Be prepared to see him in the house that Larry built with its horrendous sound before too long.

Watch for Issue #4 of Pompous Press in February for details on the latest rockabilly records I've heard. The IRS is knocking at my door because I forgot to claim my SLUG wages. Ask Ms Wolf about it. I must be a tax protester or a survivalist. Dave (he's my son) has this to say. "Dad, do we have any more red wheat for gruel?" Just in case you thought the Reverend Horton Heat was the first to sing about female masturbation here are some lyrics from "When Lulu's Gone" released by the Bang Boys in 1936.

"I wish I was a diamond ring upon my Lulu's hand, Every time she'd take her bath, I'd be a lucky man—Oh lordy, bang away my Lulu, bang away good and strong: What're ya gonna do for bangin' when Lulu's gone?"

—Willie Wheels


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LOCAL MUSIC



My Sister Jane

Big Dirt

House Of Cards

Now & Then

I've listened to both of these albums repeatedly since they were released several weeks ago. Neither one will attract the youngsters and I fear that SLUG is aging. Another more youth oriented publication, such as Diesel, will soon make us all passe.

As usual there is a pile of national stuff to listen to. I simply can't tear myself away from the locals. Since SLUG is always on the cutting edge these two albums fit quite nicely with a radio format I've yet to fully grasp. The new power in town isn't the so-called alternative music and it isn't the lamest format to ever be concieved in the brain of a rote trained marketing genius – The Arrow. In case you haven't heard the news today, Adult Album Alternative is making a serious impact here in SLC as well as the nation. From here on it copies the initials of the famous auto rescue company AAA.

The Mountain is our outlet for the boomer pleasing AAA. I've heard that they don't play locals. The format is actualy copied, with better financing, from the community radio stations of the '80s. My Sister Jane and House of Cards will no doubt receive serious airplay from the privaleged boomers who have taken over KRCL. Tune in to "drive time" as you waste gas on the freeway to hear them. Will the critics jump on the albums? Will they recieve the praise of a Barry's Cherry, a Renzhofer "I'm so cool I listen to the blues and write up clubs I rarely visit," or a Fulton seldom written analysis of the local scene? Watch the lesser read pages for the details.

Even as The Obvious, Insatiable, Anus Poetry and Stretch Armstrong gather dust on my shelves I'm somehow trapped listening to the House of Cards and My Sister Jane. Some of the girls in My Sister Jane have been recording for at least a decade. I have bootlegged tapes from that far back. Their album opens with an "alternative" rock song, "Animal Shelter." From there they explore and convincingly update the regions of music better known to Gram Parsons, the New Riders of The Purple Sage and Deadheads. They'll probably hate me for writing this, just add them to the list of people I've offended. The album is a "modern" experience in country rock and jamming. That is exactly why I say the Mountain should be all over it. It fits the AAA format better than any national act currently experiencing repeated airplay on the station. I love the album and I'm not involved in a payola scandle. I believe these five girls broke up prematurely because if the local AAA would play it and spread the word they could become a national household name; it is that good. Buy the God damned album! I'm supposed to say that it is available at Raspberry Records, they'll give me a quarter for each copy they sell if I do. Tell Wilkins or Cope at Foothill that Riley Puckett sent you and if Raspberry is out of the way check at Blockbuster, Grey Whale, Raunch, Smokeys, Media Play or any store with the sense to carry local music.

Amy Maestas did an excellent and far to brief review of the House of Cards CD in The Event. Let me add my voice to hers. I've heard all the gossip; Al is a rocker attempting to play the blues, Anthony Perry can't drum etc. etc. When these guys perform live and the newest members, Phil Miller, sax and Chris Turner keyboards start playing off each other you are hearing one of the best bands in town bar none! You criticize Phil Miller's horn work and I am in your face, got it? Herc Ottenheimer was involved in the My Sister Jane production, it was recorded in his living room. He is also involved with the House Of Cards disc. Why does most of the best local music have Herc's input? Pay attention locals and give the man a call.

Without a doubt the most recent work is the best. "Broken Man" opens the disc with a hit single for AAA. Al is whiskey drenched and in fine gravelly voice, the boogie break from Turner kicks and then Al shows off with a guitar break. "No Place For Me" is the slow acher. Check out Miller's solo in the middle of "Love You Tomorrow" along with harp work from Evan Williams who does some more on "Willing To Work For Food."

This is a history of the House Of Cards in digital format. The music goes all the way back to '89. My advice to the band is to do more gigs with the harp man, let Miller loose, (I've seen this cat go nuts at the long forgotten Hole In The Wall) that doesn't mean lose him, keep Turner in the band and work hard, hopefully the money will follow. My advice to the readers is to buy the album and let the punk rock, "alternative" or whatever it's called have a rest.

—Riley Puckett

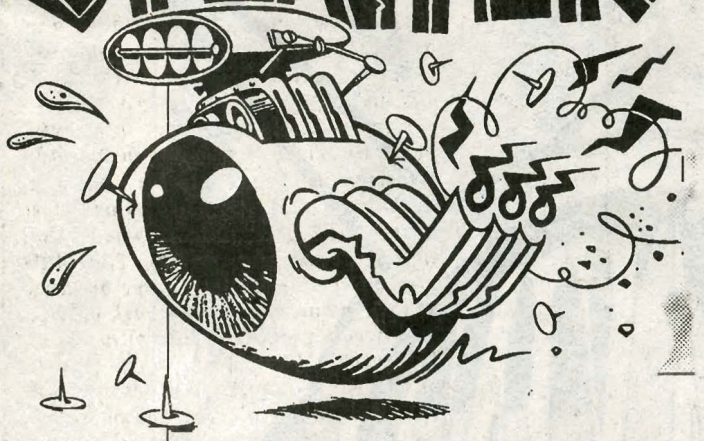




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SPLATTER



BAND FEATURE

This is a rambling sordid tale about the lack of support and money from record labels and how the name a band selects can lead to heartache, misfortune and poverty. Gossip about other bands is included. A few years in the music industry can make anyone a cynic. "Speedy" Jim Leedy gives SLUG the grimy details on his life as the leader of Elvis Hitler, Splatter and his job as a delivery driver. Leedy begins with a little history on Elvis Hitler

Leedy: Splatter is the reincarnation of Elvis Hitler because we'd done three albums and this was to be our fourth. Upon completion our record label at the time which, was Restless Records, they said...without saying you're fired they basically fired us. They said we're not going to put this one out and we're going to let you go. It was all nice and friendly, but it got to be complicated and they started nit picking and being a crybaby about it. They had all these little legal details which I found real confusing because the amount of money we're talking about is so small. We're not exactly the Offspring. The thing that kills me is that when I talk to people...they get all confused and weirded out. Because when we used to tour – we did four national tours as Elvis Hitler – and the albums sold, just not that incredibly. We sold a little over 50,000 per release, but by the time you spread that money out over four guys and a manager over how many ever years it's only a few thousand dollars a year. Matter of fact I'm getting to go to work right now. I work from like noon to 8:30 – which is kind of weird – but I'm working to get this other deal where I work a normal day and all that kind of stuff. But that is irrelevant to Splatter, because what I'm trying to do is proselytize the popular and inform everybody that Splatter is really Elvis Hitler only with a different name. It's like the difference between a Chevy truck and a GMC truck.

SLUG: So Restless wouldn't let you use the name? Leedy: Oh no, they would let us use the name however, after months and months of...I've got the name, the name's mine. Actually it's really ironic because we had people who said no to us every time for Elvis Hitler. I must have had more than 13 or 14 rejections before Restless signed us. SLUG: Record labels were afraid of the name? Leedy: Apparently, or they just didn't like the record. I know MTV didn't like the name. We made a video and they never did show it, but the USA network did. The USA network is actually hipper than MTV because they had the nerve and MTV didn't. MTV talks the talk, but they don't walk the walk. They said Elvis Hitler was too offensive. We're not personally offensive, and our video was by no means offensive compared to some of that crap they have on, but they said Hitler was offensive. Probably because MTV is owned by a Jew and all you people can get stuffed. Come on, it's an obvious joke that I've explained a billion times all over the country to everybody.

SLUG: Many people don't understand sarcasm. Leedy: Yep, it is blatantly sarcastic, it's simple black humor, everybody treats Elvis like he's the new Christ and everybody treats Hitler like he was Satan incarnate. With Splatter the same thing happened again. We went around to all the record labels we talked to before. The majors won't even talk to us, so we don't bother with them...unless Courtney Love joined the band. They said we would have been more popular with another name that wouldn't get people so riled up. Other people said, "Well you guys really aren't that good and the only reason you're as famous as you are is because of the name." It turned out that the guy who used to be president of Restless Records, who also got fired, signed us again to Sector 2. They had the Paladins and the Beat Farmers, which I thought was relatively impressive and then they hired me. I thought well it's better than nothing. Even though I haven't seen a dime. We were supposed to get money in advance. I'd like to know what happened to that. SLUG: Yes, Sector 2 still owes us money for an ad.

Leedy: Well here's another little anecdote, because now that I'm not with Restless I can be bitter. The last time I was in California we actually stayed at the home of the new president of Restless Records. We thought he was being a nice guy, actually he was just fattening us up for the kill. He's got this great house in Burbank, a nice Acura Legend coupe, a swimming pool, French art and all this kind of shit. This guy was living all right. I got to thinking; my manager has a nice house, a car and money; the president of our record label has a house, a pool, a car and money and the other people that work at the record label...everybody that works in the music business other than the musicians seems to be making a living off of it. SLUG: I'm not making a living from it. Leedy: I'm talking more of the corporate people. I bet the people that write for Rolling Stone make plenty of money. Here's me, I'm working, I've got a job and it blows.

SLUG: What do you do? Leedy: I drive a delivery truck for a hospital in Detroit. It's easy, my boss is cool. As a matter of fact my boss is so cool that... we're talking about going on the road in the springtime. He said, "Well, if you only go for about four weeks, I can swing it, I can give you four weeks off with pay. Nobody will be any wiser about it." SLUG: You haven't toured as Splatter? Leedy: No, and it think it would be in the best interests of people when we do go on the road...that they advertise us as Splatter featuring Elvis Hitler.

SLUG: I was planning to ask you how you are



twisted to be saying no to another twisted band. Leedy: Nick Knox's cousin Mike, I can't remember his full name, it's been years since I talked to him. He was good buddies with one of the drummers in Elvis Hitler, he lived in Cleveland and he even did a tour with them as a bass or guitar player. They called him Knox. He did this one tour with them and he thought it was going to be all great and everything and instead he told them to fuck off because Lux and Ivy have this super weird rock star thing going on. It's like you're in the Cramps now so you can't go out in the daylight and you have to wear this and you have to do this. They take all the money and pay their underlings a pittance and then just fire them indiscriminately. What's up with him? He's like 50-years-old and he's an ugly freak. Where does he get off.

The conversation rambles on until the tape runs out. Leedy told me about his side projects which include Big Jim and the Twins, his spoken word performances, and his work in a cover band. He talked about Warren Defever, a former member of Splatter, who quit in the middle of a tour and is now part of the "art fag" band His Name Is Alive. He talked about the fact that Elvis Hitler was never able to tour Europe because of their name, his moving back in with his parents because of lack of money, his previous life working shitty jobs in order to tour with Elvis Hitler, the fact that he now has a decent job and his hope for Splatter. Don't expect to see them in Salt Lake City unless by some miracle their album takes off. Splatter is an offensive, sarcastic psychobilly band. If sarcasm, humor and super fast music with a big beat has an attraction by all means investigate them and Elvis Hitler. You could make "Speedy" a little less cynical.

being received around the country. We've had the Reverend Horton Heat and the through here in the last several months and they received a good Leedy: We were with the Cramps and open for them as Elvis Hitler. The word down to me was that Ivy personally said, "No way, we don't want them." That's what I was told, I don't know if it's true or not. SLUG: The Cramps are a little

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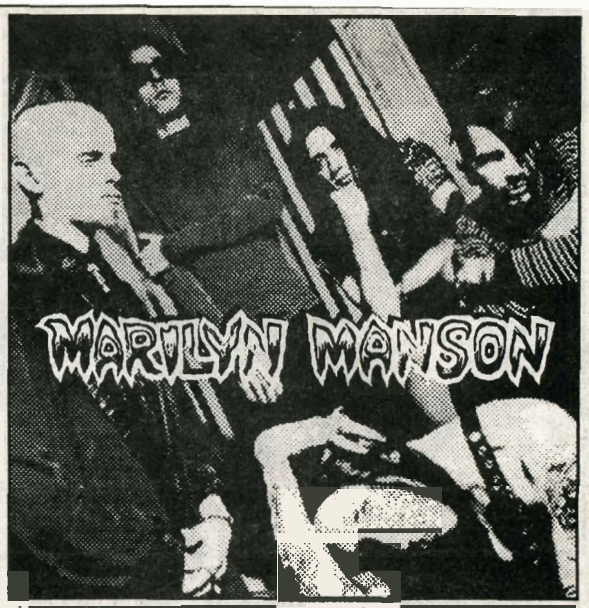
The Return Of Marilyn Manson

Everyone remembers the fiasco called a concert put on at the Delta Center. Nine Inch Nails, Marilyn Manson and Jim Rose were scheduled to play for the screaming hordes. The city mother, Delta Center management and the owner of the building were seriously concerned about protecting the morals of the tikes who bought tickets. They realized that parents have little control over their children and in fact, most of them had no idea what the wee darlings spend their allowance money on.

A group traveled to Texas and previewed the concert. Apparently lyrics such as, "I want to fuck you like an animal," were deemed suitable for young minds. Strapping on a dildo was not. The group, Marilyn Manson, were banned from the Delta Center stage. The resulting publicity resulted in stratospheric record sales for them in Salt Lake City. With their local popularity solidified by the morals police Marilyn Manson have decided to cash in; they will return on January 27.

The location is Club X. Tickets will go on sale shortly. If demand warrants a second show might be scheduled. Dear Dickheads contributors have expressed their thoughts on Marilyn Manson's music. Half the town has the album and there is no need to explain the sarcastic rantings all over it. People didn't get it the first time around so why should they this time? I'll reveal the words from the inner CD booklet (set in bold face, all caps type). Judge for yourself whether or not you would like to spend money to see the show Salt Lake City banned.

"You spoonfed us Saturday morning mouthfuls of maggots and lies disguised in your sugary breakfast cereals. The plates you made us clean were filled with your fears. These things have hardened in our soft pink bellies. We are what you have made us. We have grown up watching your television. We are a symptom of your Christian America, the biggest Satan of all. This is your world in which we grow, and we will grow to hate you." Do I detect the presence of truth in those sarcastic words?



Slayer, Biohazard and Machine Head at Saltair On January 28

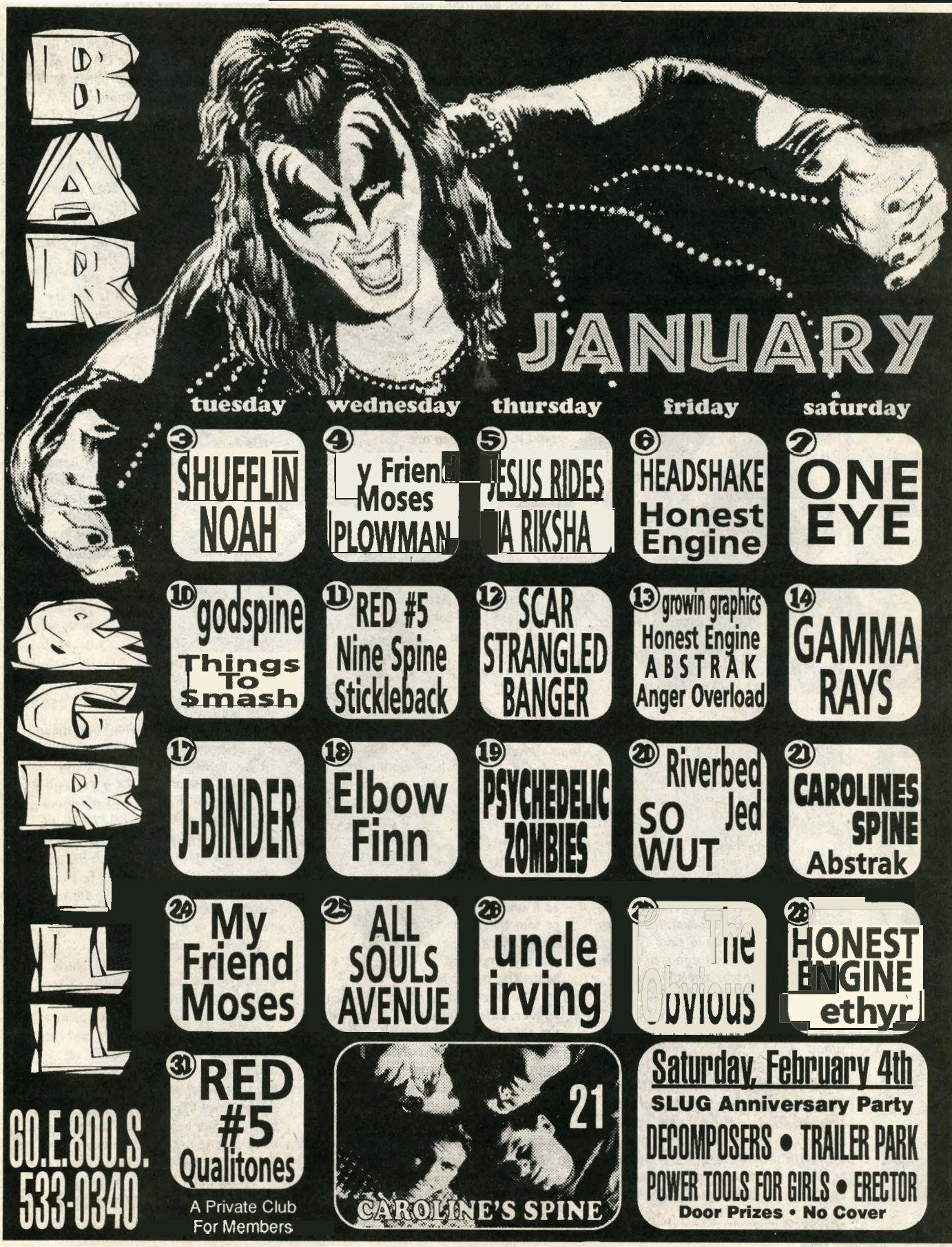
In our continuing efforts to prove that Satan has taken over SLUG comes the news that Slayer will play Saltair. At this time United Concerts is keeping things under wraps. Their office would neither confirm nor deny that the show is scheduled. They would not divulge who the backing bands will be. The Heavy Metal shop will have Slayer in the store and they are more cooperative.

Slayer and their record label, American, upset Salt Lake leaders with a full-page ad in Billboard Magazine. The ad promoted their latest album, Divine Intervention. The Heavy Metal Shop was involved as was the Salt Lake Temple. The ad, the CD itself and the jewel box insert show some misguided child who carved the words Slayer into his arms with a scalpel. American Records marketing executive Mike Bone said this about the incident, "We captured this not only with photography, but with video—him actually doing it. One of the things he said when he was doing it was that he was going to be able to pick up chicks now that he's done this. He has since reported back to us that it indeed has worked, and he's gotten laid because he's done this."

Sounds a little sick to me. Do not mimic the act at home, premarital sex isn't worth it. Continuing. Slayer has a new drummer, Dave Lombardo didn't want to do Donington so he was replaced. The new guy, Paul Bostaph, was formerly with Forbidden. Stimboy and Travelin' Man know more about Divine Intervention than I do since they spent half of November getting drunk to it. I don't know a heck of a lot about metal anyway, as I was so informed, because I don't listen to K-BER. Slayer is a little extreme for the radio anyway.

Biohazard was here with their hard noise several months back opening for a rap act. Everyone knows what to expect from them. I believe this will be Machine Heads first trip through. Imitation headbangers are all over town. I'm expecting some of you fakers to show up at Saltair. I'll be down front and if you can swing that hair as fast as Slayer plays without a neck brace or a back brace and without passing out, then and only then will you gain my admiration. The pit will be violent and bloody, the opening bands are as good as the headliner and Saltair is the place.




BAR GRILL
JANUARY
tuesday
wednesday
thursday
friday
saturday
3 SHUFFLIN NOAH
4 y Friend Moses PLOWMAN
5 JESUS RIDES A RIKSHA
6 HEADSHAKE Honest Engine
7 ONE EYE
10 godspine Things To $mash
11 RED #5 Nine Spine Stickleback
12 SCAR STRANGLED BANGER
13 growin graphics Honest Engine ABSTRAK Anger Overload
14 GAMMA RAYS
17 J-BINDER
18 Elbow Finn
19 PSYCHEDELIC ZOMBIES
20 Riverbed SO Jed WUT
21 CAROLINES SPINE Abstrak
24 My Friend Moses
25 ALL SOULS AVENUE
26 uncle irving
27 The Obvious
28 HONEST ENGINE ethyr
31 RED #5 Qualitones
21
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RECORDS

Little Records

These are all singles. Most play at 45 rpm and you need a turntable to hear them. Some are colored, some are not, some have big holes and some don't. The only place in town to find any of them is at Raunch so go flip BC the bird and tell him to fuck off. He's done it enough to you on the back cover of this paper.

Top Jimmy – "Hole In My Pocket"/"The Good Times Are Killing Me" Top Jimmy plays a gritty version of the Chicago blues which I know virtually nothing about. I don't have enough records to know about the blues and living them apparently isn't good enough. Top Jimmy's been around a while without making much money at his music, so his blues are pretty authentic. It's on TON Records out of LA and these blues sound good to me.



Why?Things Burn – "The Joke"/"Destiny" Why?Things Burn are also on TON and their record is red! This is what vinyl was designed for – a low-fi, three chord rock and roll band. Yeah, it's garage not punk so don't buy it if trends are important. The flip is a psychedelic criticism of religion. Elysium – "I Was A Child"/"Calm Peril" Elysium is distributed by TON and the label is Pure Sin. This is Siouxie Sioux and Joy Division together. Dark, gothic and scary. Jenny is the vocalist. More goth bands need a woman to sing. I'm a closet goth hound so I admit to enjoying this disc immensely and it's a lovely shade of pink. It's limited to 800 copies – good luck in your search. TON is a label with variety – open minds? Say what?

Liquor Bike/W.O.D. – "PxRxSong #18"/"Cadmium" Let's see if SLUG can get away with printing the cover to this one. It's one of those split single things. Liquor Bike lasts about two minutes with their thrash. W.O.D. is white noise with vocals. Hmm, not bad. Both bands are from Baltimore, let's see if the van can travel west.

Luvhammer – "Stoners Don't Reach"/"D.C.'s New Tat" Luvhammer sent a disc on gold vinyl. It reminds me of that Mormon thing you can find in thrift stores everywhere, especially the D.I. It has something to do with the Golden Plates. They sent a press release but I didn't read it. I think they are on drugs. The record is divided into a "smoke" side and a "buds" side. I don't like people who use drugs and I like this record. It's heavy on the bass and drums with one of those metal guys riffing away in the background. Nice bass.



Triple Fast Action – "Revved Up"/"Sally Tree" They sent a NoDoz with the record. I took it to see if maybe they'd impregnated it with LSD or something but no such luck. Their record sounds like something hard I heard on X-96. It should be big in '92. They're on tour, but no place close to here so I'm safe. Broad – "COMA 25"/"Peel" This one was sent by accident. The letter is addressed to Natalie Kaminsky, I believe she's at Diesal now. I drop to my knees and give thanks for the error because this Broad disc is good. It's one to blow speakers over. I hid under my couch while it played. No way I could ever face these guys if I gave them a bad review. They're from Baltimore and are only part of the Baltimore stack that has me wondering what the fuck is up in that town. Look for it.



Sourmash – "Suck Up To Rachel," "Max Nix"/"Original Storybook Lines" Sourmash is from Bellingham, WA. Don't hold it against them. First of all the record is purple. Second it plays at 33 1/3 rpm and it is quite good. They do punk rock and noise with more energy than I can generate. They are a tricky bunch as the flip demonstrates. Pretty pop degenerates into heavy rock and they have a horn break. Hey, it's a power pop record and I like those. The label is It Is and the booking agent is Lobotomy so watch for them to appear in SLC. Asswipe – "Lab Rat Cellar Sunday"/"Dryer Pets", "Quarter-Roy" Here's another one from It Is and it is also good. (What a way with words, I must be Avery or Fulton) Call me a sucker for that Washington sound if you will, but these two It Is records are the good stuff or shit I guess. This one has a girl vocalist buried behind all the instruments. The thing spins at 33 1/3, but I tried it at 16 rpm because for some reason Kyle, the vocalist, sounds like she's singing at the wrong speed. Thrash with a definite nod to pop is my analysis.

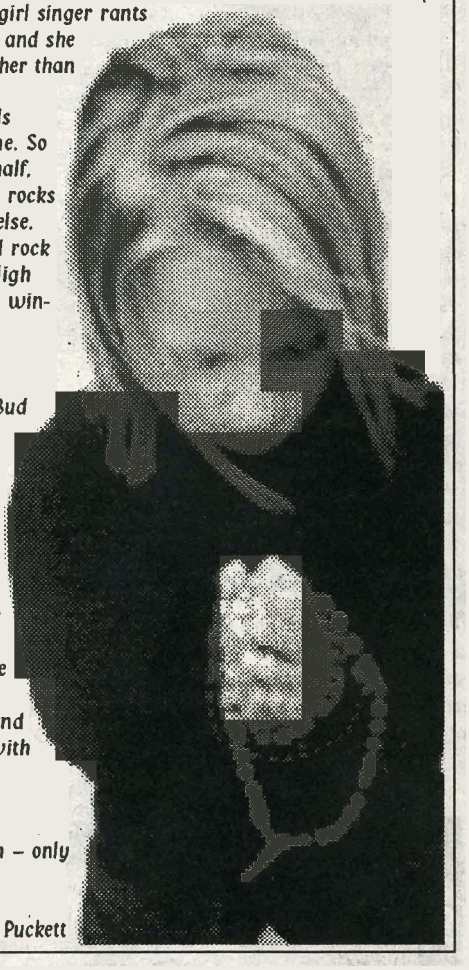


Butte – "The Nymph," "Vince"/"Gator," "Speed Man" Butte demonstrates that even in the '90s records don't have to be that one, two, three let's go punk rock. They come to us courtesy of San Francisco and they are labeled and categorized as an avante garde band. The record is spoken word over experimental instrumentation. I feel like I'm trendy after listening to it. Bob Schmitz has the chipmunk voice that somehow overpowers the musical strangeness backing him. Lunk – "Creditman"/"Nurse", 10 K Flies" Lunk continues the experience Butte

began. They also record for the Lucky Garage Record Company out of Alameda, CA. The vocalist is listed as Tom George, but for some strange reason Tom reminds me of Bob from Butte. I'll be damned if the music doesn't sound the same too. This artsy fartsy stuff is offensive to many around town, I happen to love the avante garde, I always have and I always will. Artsy fartsy it maybe, but at least it doesn't sound like ELO or ELP.

Harvest Theory – "Louder Than Words"/"Stalemate" This side deals with hypocrisy the other side is about the safety from the world offered by love. Together we stand and actions speak louder than words if you will. The music is of the Gang Of Four old school. Overall it is one of the better in the stack.

Last Gasp Records in Texas sent a bunch of things. Look for the rest later. Rubberbullet – "Entangled"/"Grinning Bitches" Rubberbullet have some talent. The girl singer rants and raves with power and she reminds me of none other than hometown girl Brenda Lazerus. The flip sounds almost exactly the same. So they split the song in half, who cares. This record rocks harder than anything else. Grinding jazz and hard rock backs intense singer. High five's all around. It's a winner. Bo Bud Green – "Content Fumar," "In The Wall"/"Bjork/Fort" Bo Bud Green visited the town several months back. They're from Texas but they like Seattle. The first side is heavy metal mixed with punk and the usual angst filled vocals. The flip contains more of the same with a couple of breaks featuring a pounder on the skins and a guy experimenting with his guitar. I prefer the flip. Bo Bud Green isn't bad, but Rubberbullet tops them – only my opinion.



—Riley Puckett



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More info
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It sure been a doggy year so far coming into the clubhouse turn, but I hope that doesn't mean it has dogged you down. Specificly, by the Chinese astrological calender, the YEAR OF THE DOG is rounding itself out, changing into the YEAR OF THE BOAR on January 30, 1995. (Stockpile your best bottle rockets and Asian costumes for the celebratory parade.)

So now is a good time for reflection, for contemplating how this past year has gone, what good came of it and what changes hit home as beneficial. Also, we might reflect where we have stumbled, where we have pounded out bad rhthym beats with an ugly stick self destructively or self righteously.

It is written that the YEAR OF THE DOG is often a paradoxical one, bringing happiness and dissent in the same boat. As is evident by our ever deteriorating electoral representation, this has been a year when the ignorant seem to gain the upper hand. Concurrently, controversial issues have been awarded a hearing and unconventional but effective changes have been introduced. Equality and liberty and unbending sense of justice have had noble advocates, even when thrown in the thrash bucket.

This past holiday month there was a house party in my parish that flew into a fury faster than a flame filled theatre. Miraculously there were no serious injuries, excluding some of the outside perpetrators who got a good ass whuppin' all the way to their hurried exodus in a hail of broken beer bottles. They deserved it and I don't feel bad about any of the physical harm. It was simply a matter of an uncalled for polarizing of sides and the guiltiest got what they deserved.

I am grateful for the fact that all confrontation was acted out hand to hand without the exaggeration of hardened steel or firearms. Considering the elements, it could have gone either way. In retrospect, there sincerely seemed to be a presence of an unseen sacred ministry of astounding influence. The gift of the angels as it were was a bighearted faith in the hearth; a virtuous calm in the strength of one's home. The works of wonder that get interpreted as miracles are usually less dramatic than Charlton Heston playing Moses on the big screen. Heroics are better left for more futile endeavors such as war and police protection.

When the hysterical brawl rose to a death thundering crescendo, then receded breathlessly without fatality, I was at a loss to clearly identify the heroes. A few days later in a reflective moment, it became beautifully illuminated within me how and why the guiding light of life prevailed. It was the being of the home itself, the accumulative energy of love and respect and honor given by its occupants over time. The sharing of its kitchen and sustenance, of couches and blankets, of laughter and chatter round the table. The miracle at hand was due the universal acceptance of the dwelling's welcome to all.

Indeed the YEAR OF THE DOG has been a sentry against tyranny and oppression. The pursuit of the almighty dollar has been replaced by an introspection into a sense of deeper values and virtues. As a result of the resolute DOG, much upheaval has erupted this past year over DOG'S ever watchful eye towards idealism and integrity. Though there have been times which we have wished to relax our righteous stance, we might also reminisce as we lie by the winter's fire how well our courage and loyalty has served us.

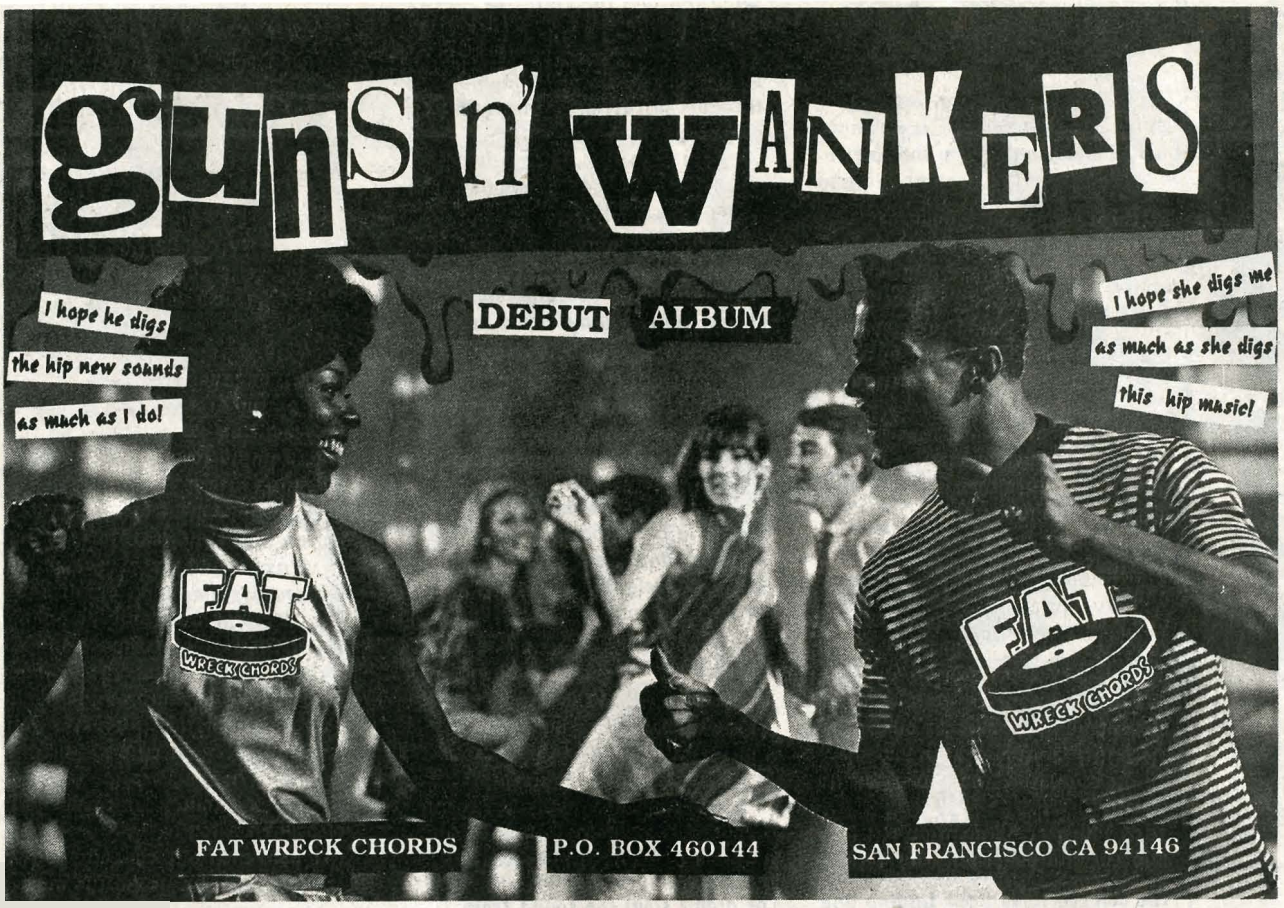
Around the corner lies the YEAR OF THE BOAR. In contrast an excellent climate for business and industry in general will hold sway. Though for the woman or man on the street, the fortunate BOAR carries contentment and security in which one could be happy without needing a lot of success or money to make it so. People will be more free and easy on the whole in this enviroment of abundance and the sensual BOAR will find life worth living to the hilt. Social excesses and expansive entertaining will be the prevailing atmosphere, so pull out the stops and let the good times roll.....

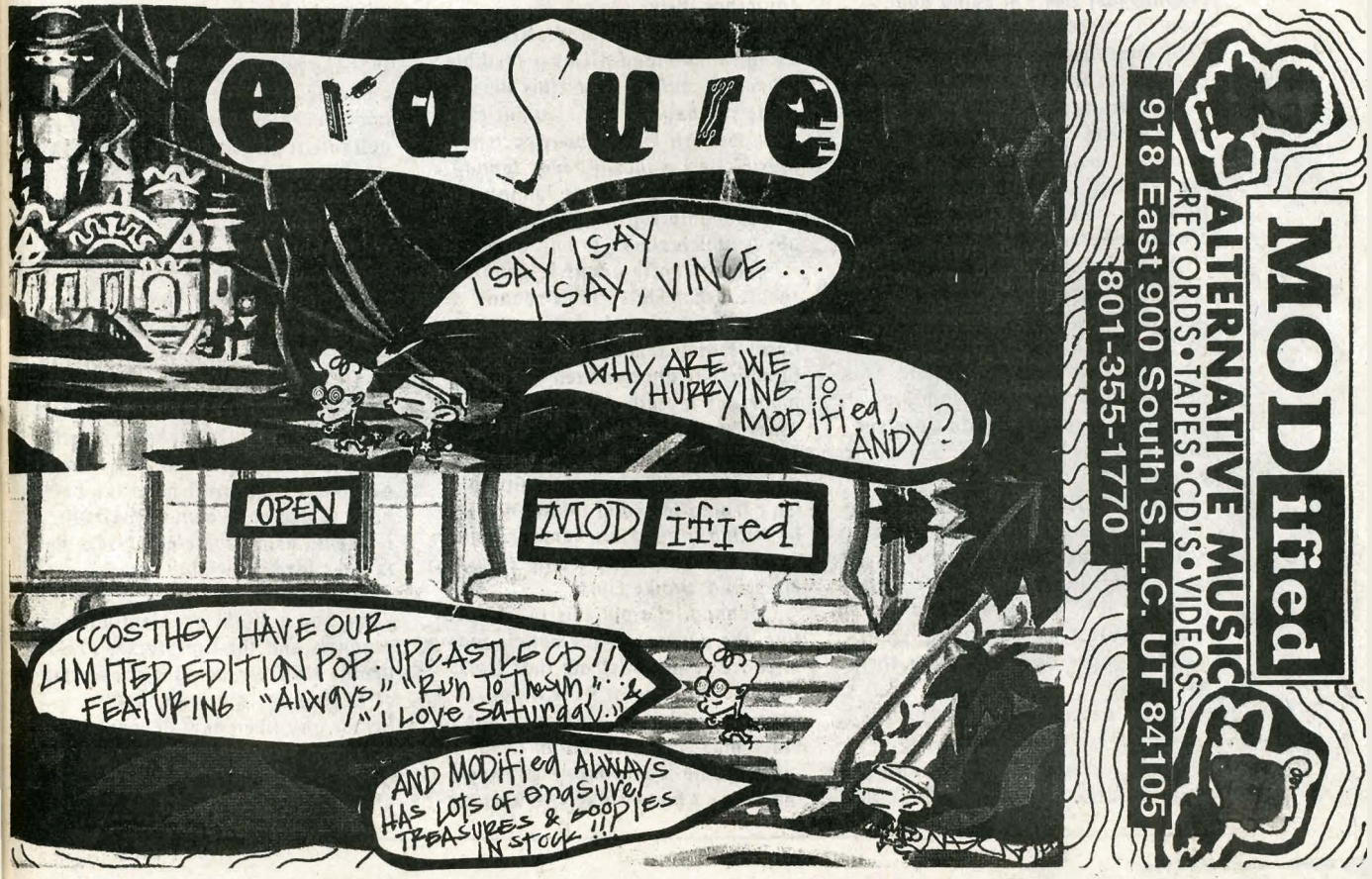
Or as they say in Louisianna, Ce' se le bon temp roulette.....

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PUBLIC ENEMY

To: Johnny Angel, Elvis's Punk Ass Bitch

"P.S. Stop listening to that Public Enemy baloney ...it has obviously indoctrinated you into believing that all whites are out to screw over the blacks"

Johnny Angel's rebuttal pertaining to the article "The King that Never Was" September 1994 #69.

Dear Johnny Angel, I guess I touched a nerve with my article on Elvis. I know it's a bitch to face reality, but the truth hurts. So, let's review the your letter of rebuttal concerning my "underresearched article "

Johnny, you try to argue that Elvis was an original. Well let's review the definitioll of original. The Merriam-Webster Dictionary defines original as: something from which a copy is made ~adj 1: first 2 : not copied from something else 3 : inventive. In your rebuttal, you confirm that Elvis wasn't an original when you quoted Elvis from "Good Rockin' Tonight" by Colin Escot. Elvis is quoted as saying, "The colored folks been singing and playing just like I'm doing now, man for more years than I know." Well, Mr. Angel logic and Webster tell us that if it's been done before it ain't original. It's a reproduction, an imitation. Even Elvis's imitation of black music wasn't original. You see Johnny, Al Jolson beat him to it. Jolson had been imitating colored folk before Elvis was born. Elvis just left out the black faced make-up and modernized it ...get the point. Let's move on Johnny.

In your rebuttal you try to convince me that the song "Hound Dog" wasn't ripped off from Big Momma because she didn't pen the song or write it down for copyright purposes.

So in Essence your trying to tell me, that because Big Momma didn't write the song down on paper, it was ethical for some low life mother-fucker who could read and write music to steal her creativity, transfer it to paper and claim it as their own?

Here's what you wrote to me Johnny, "that's right Mike, Big Momma Thornton didn't pen the song. Therefore, she didn't have the copyright and therefore she wasn't swindled either as you insinuated." You must be a fuckin lawyer Johnny, because only a lawyer has this sort of cut-throat mentality, certainly not a true artist.

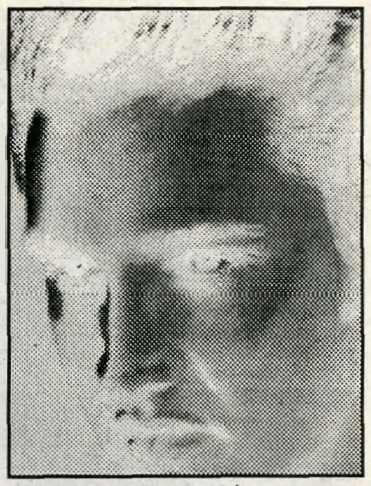
Hey Johnny ...don't bull-shit me, just because big Momma didn't write the song down doesn't mean that the song wasn't her's. The song was in her heart and in her mind and it's a gotdamn shame (that's slang Johnny, not a mistake) that humans have to rely on putting their artistic conceptions on paper just to safe-guard against evil minded mother-fuckers like your-self. Let's move on Johnny Angel.

You try to argue that Elvis wasn't a racist because he "lived amongst and spent a lot of time in the black neighborhoods of Mississippi and Tennessee listening and learning music and conversing with the cotton pickers and the dirt farmers. How do you know this? were you with the fat-fuck? ...Comon Johnny! that's where Elvis stole his best shit, so he could and give to someone who could put it on paper where he could call it his own. of course he spent a lot of time hanging with blues musicians, he didn't steal the sound from Lawrence Welk.

As for your ill-fated attempt of using Muhammad Ali as a credible source to confirm that Elvis wasn't a racist I have to ask ... what the fuck does A]i know about racism in music? He's a fuckin boxer Johnny. Based on this argument Johnny, you probably consult your gardener about which stocks to buy and sell.

You go on to admit in your rebuttal that Elvis didn't sound black, but neither does Bryant Gumble. Hey Johnny! Bryant Gumble has always been a role model for myself and many African Americans. Once again you don't know what the fuck your talking about. Let's flip the script, Gumble isn't trying to sound white, nor is he sitting around his home listening to old Cronkite tapes trying to cop his sound, unlike Elvis.

Johnny let's put this in perspective, the purpose of the article was intended to demonstrate that Elvis can't be the King of Rock n Roll because all that he was, was due to black musicians. His claim to fame was that he was a white guy trying to do a black thing. He was an



average musician, with an average voice which doesn't qualify him to receive the recognition he recieved.

Was he a racist? well I have two sources who were in the room when Elvis made the remark, "The only thing a nigger can do for me is shine my shoes" They wish to remain anonymous.

Last and not least Johnny, your accusations of me being a bigot is bull-shit. You see both my son and my daughter are biracial, the editor and owner of this magazine is white and my closest friend. And they all think your full of shit.

I realize that not all whites are out to get blacks it's just people like yourself who personify the idea that the music of African American pioneers was some-what primitive and needed a clown like Presley to validate it's authenticity, or as you say Johnny, "sing the hell out of it." ...or maybe make it less funky so non-rhythmic white folk such as yourself Johnny, could understand it.

The Elvis's "Manifest destiny" was a sad commentary on the ethics and morality and originality of artistic property Johnny. And how credible are you as an authority on originality? ...Johnny Angel? ...that's fuckin original. Next time you write a rebuttal have the backbone to use your own name? Oh ... I forgot...using some-one else's shit is your idea of originality.

P.S As for the spell check crack ...We had a slight problem with our scanner, and the time factor prevented IIS from doing a proper job of editing our material, but a bright guy like yourself wouldn't have thought about something like that, now would you Johnny Angel?

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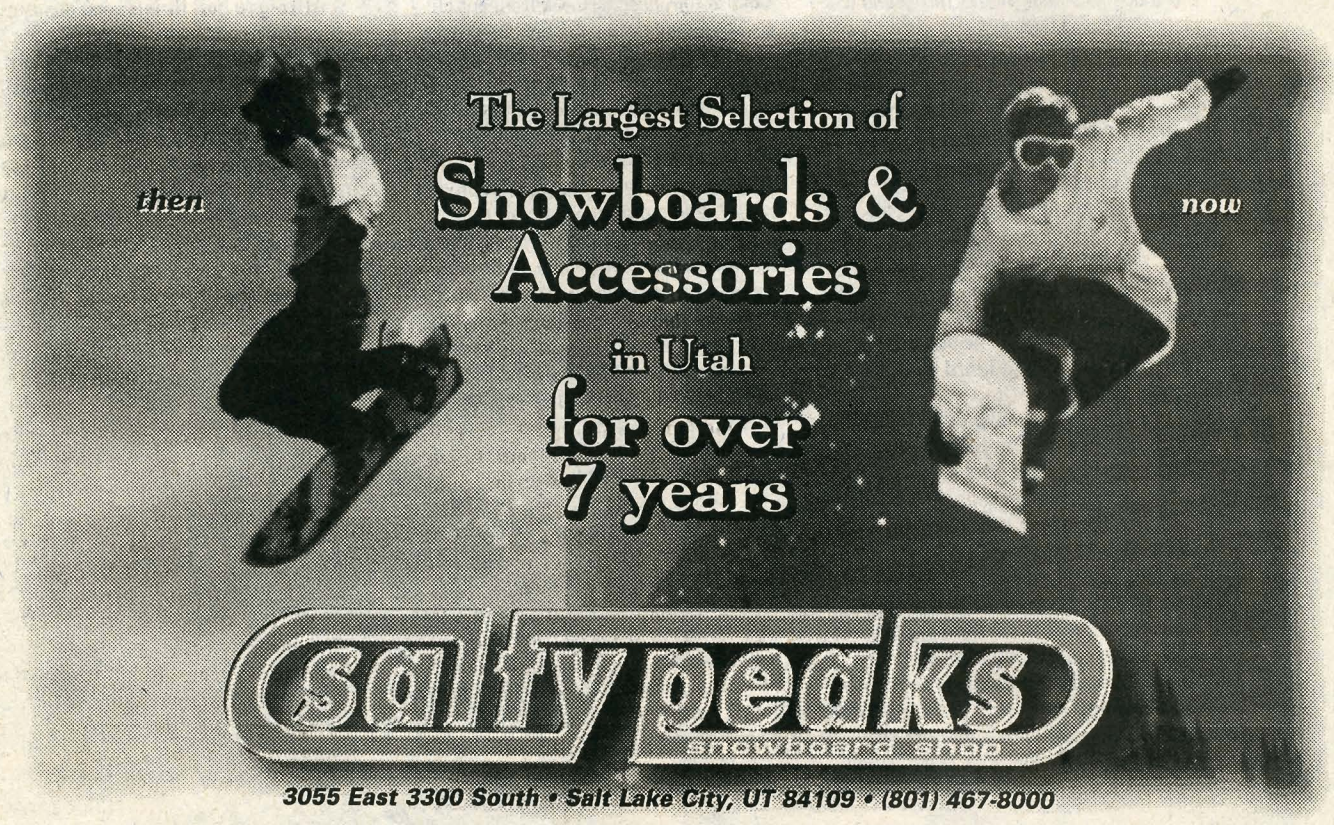
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SHORT STORY

Karl the Regenerative Boy

by Bradon Arnold

"Hey You! The one with the stupid hat!" Mr. Murphy shouted from behind his desk.

Karl looked up in surprise. "Me, sir?" he asked.

"Of course you!" Mr. Murphy exclaimed. "Do you see anyone else in here with a stupid hat?"

Karl looked around the classroom and saw a kid wearing a stussy baseball cap. "Yeah," Karl replied.

"Wrong!" Mr. Murphy said. "Now you get to take off that stupid hat of yours plus your name goes on the board."

Karl let out a groan as he took off his black, wide brimmed witch hat. As the hat came off, the entire class gasped in fear. "His hair goes down past his shoulders!" one girl shrieked in terror. Two other girls fainted on the spot and one boy fled from the room with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Mr. Murphy looked at karl coldly. "Karl," He said. "When was the last time you went to church?"

Karl replied, "Why, I went to Mass just last..."

"A Ha!" Mr. Murphy interrupted. "Did you hear that class?" This young fellow is a Non-Mormon!"

"Burn Him!" "Burn Him!" the class shouted.

"Sorry kids," Mr. Murphy laughed. "The Administration made public burnings illegal last year after they finally kicked those Nazis off the Schoolboard."

"The Non-Mormon must be punished!" A girl cried.

"Well, I guess we'll have to let him get by with just a spanking," Mr. Murphy said with a pedophilic grin.

"Wait a minute!" The boy wearing the stussy hat said. "I heard that Karl is a vegetarian!"

All signs of joviality faded from Mr. Murphy's face and his eyes narrowed into snake-like slits. "That does it." He said with a voice that sent chills through Karl's body. "We're gonna have ourselves a good old fashioned lynching!"

The whole class roared with approval, and began taking their white, cone headed masks out from underneath their desks and putting them over their heads. Then the person sitting behind Karl smashed him in the back of the head with a hammer and Karl fell unconscious .

When he awoke, Karl found himself in the School Commons Area sitting on top of three of the couches stacked up on top of each other. His hands were hand-cuffed behind his back, and below him his classmates were standing in a circle surrounding the stack of couches. Every one of them were wearing white robes and hoods. "He's awake!" shouted a hooded figure who was standing on the couches right behind Karl.

"Okay, let's get on with it!" declared Imperial Wizard Murphy.

"Death to the Non-Mormon Vegetarian!" the crowd chanted. The person behind Karl reached up and took hold of the noose that was hanging from the Commons Disco Ball and was about to pull it over Karl's head when Karl suddenly swung his arms forward, ripping both his hands off at the wrists. The handcuffs fell to the ground, and

Karl was Free. He jumped from the pile of couches and ran out into the main hall. His hooded classmates were stunned with horror and did nothing to stop him, merely watched him leave. Mr. Murphy stepped forward and picked up Karl's severed hands. "These might come in handy on some cold and lonely night." He said to himself as he put them in his pocket.

The rest of the kids, who were all worked up in anticipation of a lynching, decided to hang the kid who had been wearing the stussy had instead.

Karl's best friend Dennis was sitting in Miss Riddle's AP U.S. History class, and was even faintly paying attention. "And so I grabbed his book from out of his hands and threw it across the room..." She was saying, "And then I say 'Stop reading that damn filth!'"

"That's very interesting, Miss Riddle," Dennis said. "But what does that have to do with the Civil War?"

"I like the word 'damn'," Miss Riddle replied with a grin.

Just then there was a loud pounding on the door, which woke up almost the entire class. Miss Riddle walked across the room and opened the door. "What is the meaning of this, young man?" She said as she saw Karl standing in the doorway.

"I need to talk with Dennis," karl said.

"And why do you think you need to talk to him?" Miss Riddle inquired.

"Well, I need him to take me to the hospital," Karl said, holding up his bloody wrists.

"Do you have a hall pass?"

"No."

"Well, I'm afraid I'll have to give you a violation slip."

"Um, I meant I have a hall pass, but I can't reach it cause it's in mY Pocket and I have no hands."

minutes."

"Oh. OkaY. Dennis can go with you, but be back in five damn

Karl and Dennis left the room, and as Miss Riddle turned back to the chalkboard, the rest of the students' heads fell back onto their desks, and they were instantly sound asleep.

"Do we really need to go to the hospital?" Dennis asked they walked down the hallway.

"Nah," Karl replied casually. "My hands will just grow back in an hour. Remember, I'm Karl the Regenerative Boy. I can be dismembered from any of my appendages with the exception of my head and they will begin growing back in a matter of minutes. But I do need your help because my American Problems class is trying to hang me. I had to rip my hands off to get out of the handcuffs."

"Dear me!" Dennis cried. "This situation calls for a few lollipops." He began rummaging through all his pockets and his bag, but his efforts proved to be in vain. "Geepers! I must've run out," He said. "Quick! let's go to my locker."

At the end of the hallway, they came to dennis' locker, and he was already starting to salivate as he opened it. Inside, the locker was packed full with lollipops of all different colors and flavors. There was no room for anything else, so Dennis had to keep all his books in Karl's locker.

"What flavor do you want?" Dennis asked.

"I think I'll go with Mystery Meat," Karl replied.

"Here you go," Dennis said, handing Karl a brown and pink swirled lollypop. "I think I'll take a cream of sum yun gai for myself."

Just as Dennis shut the locker, they saw a great mass of white robed students come around the corner. "It's my American Problems class!" Karl cried. "What do we do?"

"I'll cast a spell on them from my witchcraft book," Dennis said, pulling out a book that was bound in human skin. He turned to a certain page and mumbled a few words, waving his arms around spasmatically. "Karl, give me your eyeball," Dennis said. "I need it for the spell." So Karl plucked out his eyeball and handed it over to Dennis who swallowed it down in one big gulp.

Just then, the floor beneath the perplexed American Problems class disappeared and they all fell into a bottomless abyss. "Hot Dog! They just vanished!" Karl exclaimed with glee, just as the floor reappeared.

"Yeah, pretty much," Dennis remarked casually. "It's nothing really. I do it to my sister all the time."

And thus Karl and Dennis survived yet another day at High School.

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DAILY DAZE



Tuesday, January 3rd
- The Weed, 3 Rinse Rule - *Cinema Bar*
- Shuffelin' Noah - *Bar & Grill*

Wednesday, January 4th
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - *Ashbury Pub*
- Rhythm Fish - *Burts Tiki*
- My Friend Moses, Plowman - *Bar & Grill*
- Great American Train Robbery - *Cinema Bar*
- MaryMonique - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *The Zephyr Club*

Thursday, January 5th
- Last Dance - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- MaryMonique - *Cinema Bar*
- Jesus Rides A Rickshaw - *Bar & Grill*
- John Mayall - *The Zephyr Club*
- Broken Hearts - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*

Friday, January 6th
- MU33 - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Plowman, Devience - *Cinema Bar*
- Headshake, Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- A Band & His Dog - *Green Guinea*
- John Mayall - *The Zephyr Club*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Snake & The Fatman - *Ashbury Pub*
- ★ Jackyl - *Saltair*

Saturday, January 7th
- Snake & The Fatman - *Ashbury Pub*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- John Mayall - *The Zephyr Club*
- Lunch - Green Guinea
- One Eye - *Bar & Grill*
- Reverend Willie, MaryMonique - *Cinema Bar*
- MU33 - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Sunday, January 8th
- Shut Up Frank - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Open Jam w/ Lights Out - Green Guinea

Monday, January 9th
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Bamboola - *The Zephyr Club*

Tuesday, January 10th
- Godspine, Things to Smash - *Bar & Grill*
- Showboat - *Cinema Bar*
- Bamboola - *The Zephyr Club*
- Jesus Rides a Rickshaw - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Wednesday, January 11th
- Bamboola - *The Zephyr Club*
- Rhythm Fish - *Burts Tiki*
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - *Ashbury Pub*
- Red #5, Nine Spine Stickleback - *Bar & Grill*
- Rezin - *Cinema Bar*
- Third Stone - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Thursday, January 12th
- Scar Strangled Banger - *Bar & Grill*
- Showboat, Qualitones - *Cinema Bar*
- Backwash - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Pagan Love Gods - *The Zephyr Club*
- House Of Cards - *Burts Tiki*
- Iris - Green Guinea
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*

Friday, January 13th
- Gamma Rays - *The Zephyr Club*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*
- Growin Graphics Anniversary w/ Anger Overload, Abstrak, Honest Engine - *Bar & Grill*
- Buccinator - *Cinema Bar*
- Swimming Upstream w/ Cannibal Fish - *Green Guinea*
- Backwash - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Saturday, January 14th
- The Yangaurds - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Salsa Brava - *The Zephyr Club*
- Killer Clowns w/ Lights Out - *Green Guinea*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Fat Paw - *Ashbury Pub*
- Gamma Rays - *Bar & Grill*
- Reverend Willie, MaryMonique - *Cinema Bar*

Sunday, January 15th
- South By South West Competition - *Cinema Bar, The Zephyr*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Monday, January 16th
- Example - *Cinema Bar*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Tuesday, January 17th
- J Binder - *Bar & Grill*
- The Weed - *Cinema Bar*
- Harry Lee & The Back Alley Band - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Band De Jour - *The Zephyr*

Wednesday, January 18th
- Elbow Finn - *Bar & Grill*
- So Wut, My Name - *Cinema Bar*
- Snake & The Fatman - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Psychedelic Zombies - *The Zephyr Club*
- Rhythm Fish - *Burts Tiki*
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - *Ashbury Pub*

Thursday, January 19th
- Psychedelic Zombies - *Bar & Grill*
- ? - *Cinema Bar*
- Rezin - *Green Guinea*
- Kid Logic - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Pagan Love Gods - *The Zephyr Club*
- Broken Hearts - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*

Friday, January 20th
- Fat Paw - *Green Guinea*
- Zion Tribe - *Ashbury Pub*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- The Strangers - *The Zephyr Club*
- Crossroads - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Caroline's Spine, Abstrak - *Cinema Bar*
- Riverbed Jed, So Wut - *Bar & Grill*

Saturday, January 21st
- Caroline's Spine, Abstrak - *Bar & Grill*
- MaryMonique - *Cinema Bar*
- House Of Cards - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- The Strangers - *The Zephyr Club*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Uncle Irving w/ So Wut - *Green Guinea*
- Zion Tribe - *Ashbury Pub*

Sunday, January 22nd
- Shut Up Frank - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- South By South West Finals - *The Zephyr Club*

Monday, January 23rd
- Bone Shelf - *Cinema Bar*
- Blue Devils Blues Revue

- *Dead Goat Saloon*

Tuesday, January 24th

- My Friend Moses - *Bar & Grill*
- Devience - *Cinema Bar*
- Mr. Jelly Roll - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Fat Paw - *The Zephyr Club*

Wednesday, January 25th

- Sue Foley - *The Zephyr Club*
- Space Fish - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- 3 Rinse Rule, Bloodfish - *Cinema Bar*
- All Souls Avenue - *Bar & Grill*
- Rhythm Fish - *Burts Tiki*
- Ashbury Pro Blues Jam - *Ashbury Pub*

Thursday, January 26th

- J-Binder w/ Abstrak - *Green Guinea*
- Uncle Irving - *Bar & Grill*
- Showboat - *Cinema Bar*
- Commonground - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Pagan Love Gods - *The Zephyr Club*
- House Of Cards - *Burts Tiki*
- Megan Peters & Big Leg - *Ashbury Pub*

Friday, January 27th

- ★ Marilyn Manson - *Club X*
- Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*
- MaryMonique - *Burts Tiki*
- William Clark Blues Band - *The Zephyr Club*
- A Band & His Dog - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Rezin - *Cinema Bar*
- Shadowplay - *Green Guinea*
- The Obvious - *Bar & Grill*

Saturday, January 28th

- ★ Slayer, Biohazard, Machinehead - *Saltair*
- Honest Engine, Ethyl - *Bar & Grill*
- Riverbed Jed - *Cinema Bar*
- Rezin - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- William Clark Blues Band - *The Zephyr Club*
- Killer Clowns w/ Lights Out - *Green Guinea*
- Pepper Lake City - *Burts Tiki*
- Backwash - *Ashbury Pub*

Sunday, January 29th

- Tenderloin, Honest Engine - *Cinema Bar*
- Acoustic Goat - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Zion Tribe - *The Zephyr Club*

Monday, January 30th

- Blue Devils Blues Revue - *Dead Goat Saloon*

Tuesday, January 31st

- Red #5, Qualitones - *Bar & Grill*
- Poetry - *Cinema Bar*
- Fat Paw - *Dead Goat Saloon*
- Backwash - *The Zephyr Club*

★ Indicates all ages

No listing indicates promoters or club owners are slackers

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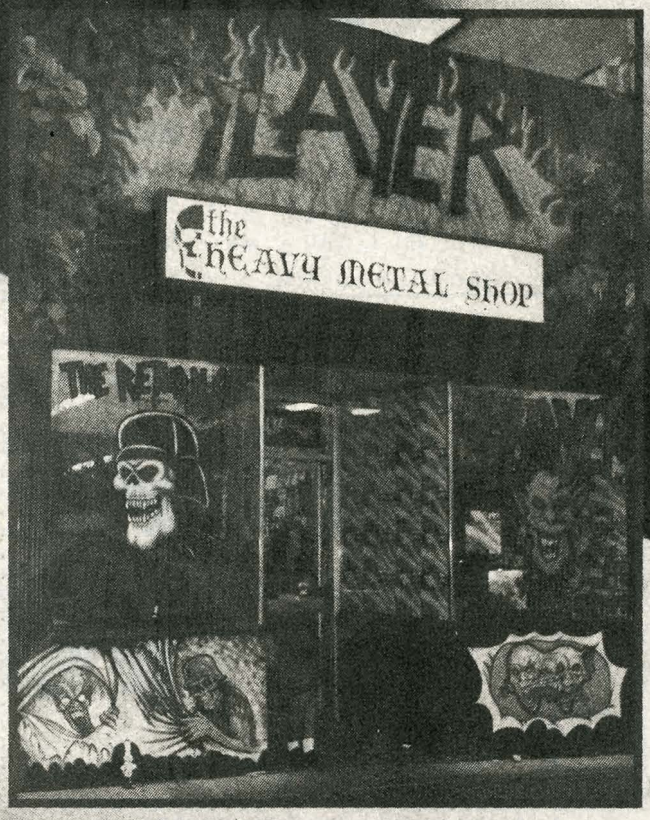
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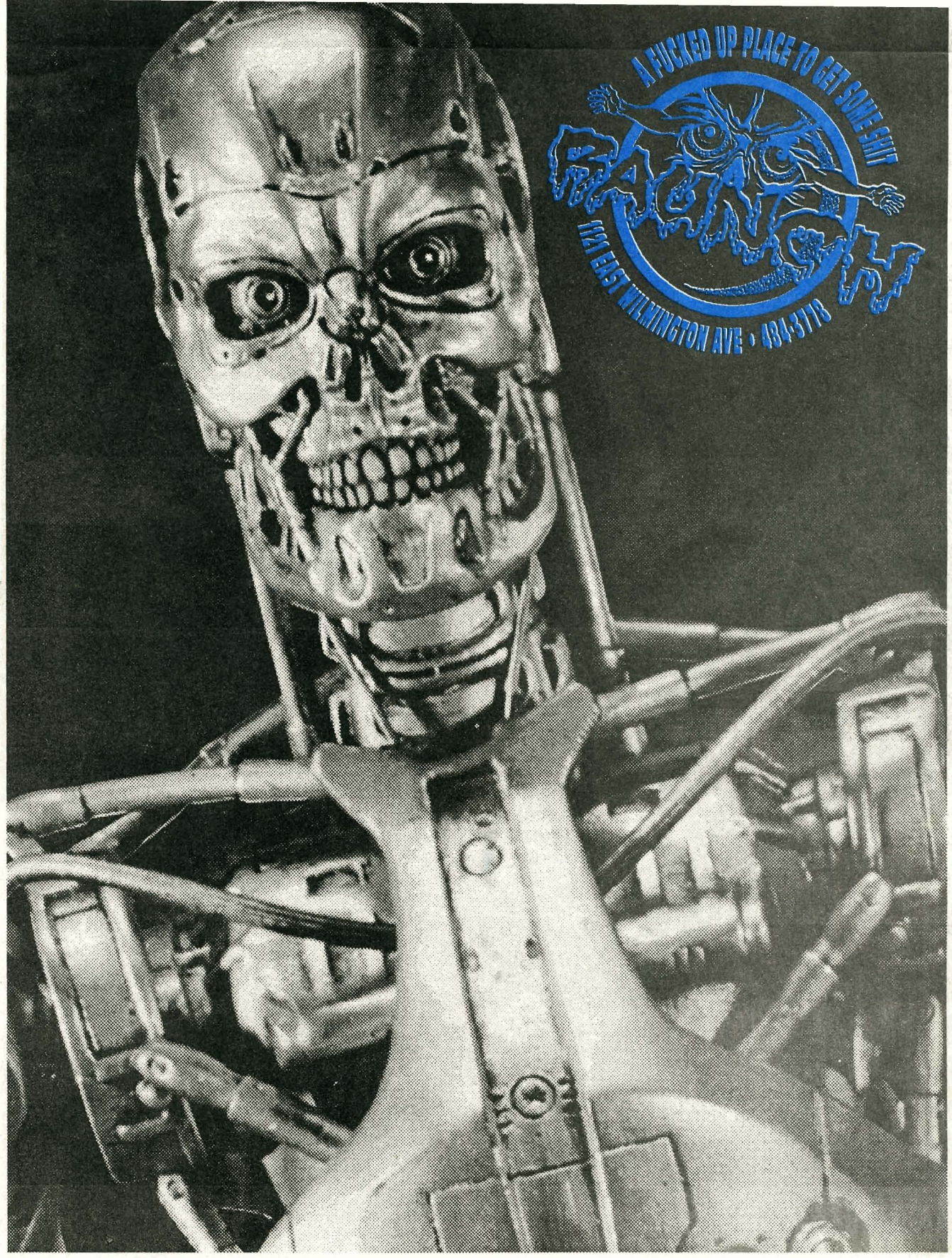


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